

The TATLER

and BYSTANDER

Vol. GLX. No. 2075

London
April 2, 1941



REGISTERED AS A
NEWSPAPER FOR
TRANSMISSION IN THE
UNITED KINGDOM

For conditions of sale and supply of THE TATLER and BYSTANDER see foot of last page



SANDERSON

is a household word...



WALLPAPERS · FABRICS · PAINTS

ARTHUR SANDERSON & SONS LTD. Showrooms: 53 Berners Street, W.1 and 6-7 Newton Terrace, Glasgow, C.3



Grant's Scotch Whisky

"FAMOUS FOR HALF A CENTURY"

For
HEADACHE
and NEURALGIA
Cephos
IN TABLET OR POWDER FORM
Sole Proprietors: Cephos Ltd., Blackburn.

1/5 & 3/5
IN TABLET
OR POWDER
FORM

See-foss REGD
Pronounced
THE PHYSICIANS'
REMEDY

Sold everywhere is safe and certain

LAGONDA



destined to provide
the measure of excellence by which
the world's finest cars are judged

LAGONDA MOTORS LIMITED STAINES MIDDLESEX

For
sweet breath and
pearly teeth -
use

Euthymol TOOTH PASTE

FROM ALL
CHEMISTS

HIGHLAND QUEEN

Grand
Liqueur



MACDONALD & MUIR, LTD. - Scotch
Whisky Distillers, Leith Glasgow, London.

Bulmer's



BY APPOINTMENT
TO THE LATE KING GEORGE V

MADE BY THE AUTHENTIC
CHAMPAGNE PROCESS ...

CHAMPAGNE CIDER

Obtainable at all the best
Hotels and Restaurants

H. P. BULMER & CO., LTD., HEREFORD, ENGLAND



Canny of

We pride ourselves
in always meeting situations, we knew that,
busy as you would be, you wouldn't want
frills and fripperies—you would want good
Practical Clothes, and so we laid our Plans

Looking things over at the Canteen

This practical young person knows
a good thing when she sees it, in
food or in sweaters. Pure Indian
cashmere button-up sweater, all the
new shades, pastels and vivids **59/6**

Above Tailored wool dress with a
pretty bolero. In Navy and black.
Hip sizes 38 to 42 (First Floor) **6½ gns.**

Tailored soft Cashmere and Angora
Sweater **55/9** Jacket to match **69/6**



Harvey Nichols

us to know the "Practical Clothes"



Knightsbridge, S.W.1

Women buying Vegetables.—Tailored "Deval" Washing Crepon Dress, powder blue, turquoise, honey, red, tomato, dusky pink, light and dark navy. Hips 38 to 46 **79/6**

Tailored Wool Dress, new padding decoration, navy, black, brown, clover, jade green, hyacinth. Hips 38 to 44 **7½ gns**

Bedford Cord.—Three Pieces for Summer—green, brown, red, air-force, and navy. Coat **79/6** Skirt **39/6** Slacks **35/9**

Harvey Nichols and Co., Ltd., London, S.W.1. Telephone Sloane 3440

COCKTAIL

In black stitched aerophane with red and white flowers 4½ gns.

Harrods
HARRODS LTD.
LONDON S.W.1



THE TATLER

LONDON
APRIL 2, 1941

and BYSTANDER

Postage: Inland 2d. Canada & Newfoundland 1½d. Foreign 2d.

Price :
One Shilling and Threepence
Vol. CLX. No. 2075



Salvation Army Lovers

In *Major Barbara*, Bernard Shaw's second play to be filmed, Wendy Hiller repeats the success she made as Eliza in *Pygmalion*, playing the lead as Barbara Undershaft, a millionaire's daughter who joined the Salvation Army for the purpose of soul-saving. Rex Harrison makes his debut in Shaw as Adolphus Cusins, the penniless professor of Greek who joined the Army after hearing an impassioned speech from Major Barbara, but mainly to be near the girl with whom he has fallen hopelessly in love. For further pictures of this film see page 10.



A Royal Duchess Inspects Detachments of the W.A.A.F.

The Duchess of Gloucester, who holds the rank of Air Commandant, recently inspected several detachments of the W.A.A.F. She is seen at one of the three R.A.F. stations she visited during her tour. (Back) F/O E. B. Sandford, F/O Lady Seton, S/O L. E. Metherill, S/O U. M. Taylor, AS/O H. B. Whitmore. (Front) S/O C. L. Boxshall, Group Capt. P. H. Young, Group Capt. C. Findlay, D.F.C., A.F.C., Air Commandant H.R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester, Air Vice-Marshal K. R. Park, C.B., M.C., D.F.C., F/O R. A. Harrison, and Mrs. K. R. Park



Way of the War

By "Foresight"

Yugoslavia and the Axis

KING PETER has assumed the throne of Yugoslavia five months earlier than he would normally have done. He has done so in circumstances of great difficulty for his country. But it must have been clear to him that he would thus be interpreting the wishes of the great majority of the people over whom he was born to rule. Opposition to the course being followed by the late Government and the Prince Regent Paul was not confined to the Yugoslav people living within their own national territories. Telegrams of protest had been pouring into Belgrade from all over the world, and notably from the organised bodies representing a million Yugoslavs in America.

One can sympathise with the difficulties of Prince Paul's position when he found himself at last confronted with the German demands that the country should associate itself with the Axis Triple Alliance. Throughout the period of his stewardship, since the assassination of King Alexander at Marseilles in 1934, he had rightly regarded his main function as that of handing over the country intact to the Sovereign when he came of age.

Descendant of a White Russian family, Prince Paul always considered that the worst disaster which could befall the ruling class of Yugoslavia would be that control over the nation's affairs should be influenced by Soviet Russia. To his mind, a compact with Germany seemed infinitely preferable.

At the Thirteenth Hour

THERE is good reason to believe that the greater part of the Yugoslav people will unite under King Peter for resistance to their common enemies, Germany and Italy. Within a few hours of the news reaching London they had received a message of the strongest encouragement from Mr. Winston Churchill. Without doubt they have by now received definite proposals from Turkey for collaboration in defence. That message might, indeed, have been delivered before the capitulation to Berlin. It would have been the natural sequel to the consultation in Cyprus between Mr. Eden and M. Sarajoglu, the Turkish Foreign Minister. But the vacillations of Prince Paul had already led to a crisis in the Belgrade Government, with important ministerial resignations. In such circumstances it was hardly to be expected that Ankara would make an important diplomatic demarche.

Those disabilities have been removed by the courageous action of King Peter, supported by military leaders deeply imbued with determination to fight, if necessary, for the continued independent survival of their country. Happily, Britain is now well placed to extend to them the aid which is already being given to Greece. In so far as prestige is concerned we can congratulate ourselves that out of Prince Paul's weakness we have gained a certain advantage over the enemy. Ribbentrop crowed a little too early and too loudly.

R.A.F. v. Luftwaffe

BRITISH experts have already calculated the date at which the R.A.F. should have established absolute supremacy over the "Luftwaffe." It might obviously be of advantage to the enemy to state publicly our conclusions on this point, but it must be said that the moment is not so close at hand as many of us might hope and think. The interval during which our air battle with Germany must be continued on a ding-dong basis can be shortened only if the United States will devote its maximum production capacity to turning out the heaviest types of bomber.

Hitherto, in our time of urgent and desperate need we have had to take from the United States whatever planes their factories were turning out. Now the moment has come for laying down a joint production policy based on the experience which we ourselves have gained in eighteen months of warfare. There is no longer any reason why Britain should not send to the United States a powerful Air Staff mission headed by one or more officers of great authority and with practical knowledge of our operational needs and the problems of industrial expansion.

No officer in this country is better equipped in both these respects than Air Chief Marshal Sir Wilfrid Freeman, the Vice-Chief of the Air Staff. For four years Sir Wilfrid was engaged in building up the British industry. With our manufacturers he laid the plans for production and helped them during their teething troubles. He knows what the pilot must have if he is to start out confidently on his dangerous missions. And he saw that the pilot got it. Since the Air Staff was reformed, Sir Wilfrid has shared with Sir Charles Portal the day-to-day work of directing R.A.F. operations. I do not know whether he could be spared to go to America, yet it is impossible to conceive a more urgent aspect of our war effort in this perhaps decisive year.

De Gaulle in Africa

GENERAL DE GAULLE'S return to Africa is important. Obviously one cannot discuss in advance what may be the objects of his latest visit to the Free French Forces on that Continent, but it is always worth while to remember that in the territories which have proclaimed their determination to continue resistance to the common enemy there are twenty millions of people. Much has happened in Africa since General de Gaulle was last there. The steady advance of the Imperial Forces in Abyssinia, Somaliland and Eritrea has resulted in French Somaliland being practically surrounded by Allied troops. There is nothing that either Rome or Vichy can do for the French forces there, and it would seem a natural corollary that Jibouti and its French garrison should now accept General de Gaulle as their natural leader.

During his present tour the Free French leader will undoubtedly make contact with his colleague, General Catroux, and it would be strange if they did not discuss the future of Syria, where conditions of unrest have developed to such a point that General Dentz, the Vichy Governor, has been obliged to proclaim martial law in certain districts.

Weygand in Chains

As the weeks go by it becomes increasingly clear that Britain must look to de Gaulle for leadership of any revived resistance in French North Africa which may be brought into being. Although reliable reports from Tunisia, Algeria and Morocco suggest that the French Army as a whole have by no means accepted the Axis yoke, there seems now little possibility that General Weygand can ever become a leader of resistance. In this matter he is the prisoner of Admiral Darlan.

With the assent of Vichy, the Germans

have now taken over the functions of the Italian Armistice Commissions. For example, in Morocco, Dr. Theodor Auer makes no attempt to conceal the determination of Germany to appropriate the French North African possessions. He scoffs at the idea that a conquered country like France should be allowed to retain overseas protectorates. Auer, incidentally, is a typical product of the Nazi regime, a most unpleasant character with a moral reputation not fit for public discussion.

Already he and his henchmen are working hard with appeals and bribery to win over the native leaders. His recommendations to the Armistice Commissions at Weisbaden are passed by them to Vichy where Admiral Darlan is required to endorse them. Thereafter these recommendations are issued as orders from Darlan, in his capacity as Foreign Minister, to Weygand, who has no alternative but to carry them out.

Thus it is clear that Germany is already directing the ways of French North Africa just as she supervises every action taken in so-called "unoccupied" France.

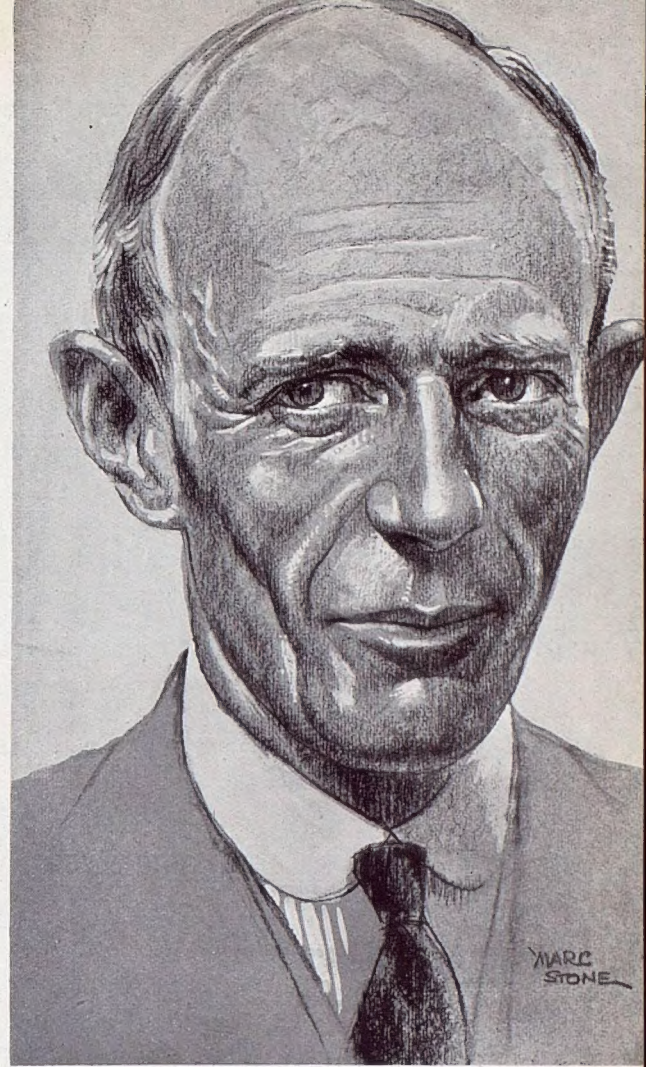
German Infiltration

GENERAL WEYGAND is said to have protested against the arrival in Algiers of a further two hundred and fifty trained German fifth columnists. He has reported to Vichy that de Gaullist sympathies among his younger officers may be stimulated by the presence of these Gestapo men, all of whom have been through special training for the conduct of propaganda among the Arabs. We must take it for granted, however, that Admiral Darlan will turn a deaf ear to all such representations. Thus he is conniving in the German capture of North Africa from within, while General Weygand tries to harden his officers and men by telling them to wait for the day when Marshal Pétain will give the word to take up their arms once more in defence of French soil. But the Germans may not be so foolish as to provide the necessary excuse. There may be no frontal attack unless we assume that the German armed divisions now being assembled in Tripoli are to be employed against Tunisia rather than against the British in Libya.

All of this may sound slightly depressing, but we may well remember that up to now no first-class army, blooded on the field of battle, has met the much-vaunted German military machine.

Very Gallant Allies

LAST week I found myself immensely heartened by meeting some of our Norwegian Allies who took part in the raid on the Lofoten Islands. Their naval commander-in-chief, Rear-Admiral H. E. Diesen, is as fine a sailor as you would wish to meet. Quiet, confident, with the dry sense of humour typical of the Norwegian people, he is obviously proud of his young men, but pays constant tribute to the British senior service. The younger officers who accompanied our raiding party—I must not mention their names—are magnificent types. Their greatest joy lay in the warmth of their reception by the good people of Norway. Their contempt of the Boche knows no bounds and makes the blood flow warmer and faster. The islanders knew that someday they and the British would come back to rescue them from the forces of occupation. They knew that the operation involved would rob them of their livelihood. Yet not a man, woman or child questioned for one moment the action being taken. And when the party sailed away again those who perforce must remain sang the National Anthem and called only one message, "Come back again soon."



Lord Halifax: a Drawing by Marc Stone

Lord Halifax made his first speech as British Ambassador to the United States at a Pilgrims' dinner in New York just a week after Mr. John G. Winant had made his first speech here at a Pilgrims' luncheon. In speaking of principles which he believed were held in common by America and the British Commonwealth, he made a new declaration of the rights of man: "the right to think, speak, and act freely within the law and to have free access to the thoughts of others: the right of free association, both national and international, with their fellow men; the right to live without fear of aggression, injustice, or want; the right to believe and worship as conscience may dictate. It is the vindication of these rights that men passionately desire"

A Valuable Education

BEFORE the war it was impossible to persuade the Scandinavian countries to ally themselves with Britain. In Norway especially there was a deep conviction that they would remain outside the scope of any operations which might result from a clash between Germany and the Western Democracies. Our experiences in the new war show all too clearly that those same principles which decreed, in the days of sea power, that the integrity of the Low Countries constituted a vital British interest must, in these days of air power, extend to the whole western seaboard of Europe.

Talk with the Norwegians and you will feel altogether confident that when Germany is finally defeated her chances of again dominating the Atlantic shores of Europe will have passed for a century. Scandinavia today is very much awake. The Nazis have succeeded where others failed in educating the people to the real meaning of life under German rule. The lesson will not quickly be forgotten. Indeed, the Germans are giving a salutary education to almost all Europe. They are teaching Europe to detest the Germans.



The Premier's Wife Meets a Mascot

Lady Portal, wife of the Chief of Air Staff, Air Chief Marshal Sir Charles Portal, showed Mrs. Winston Churchill the R.A.F. mascot doll, known as Harry the Hawk, which is sold in aid of the R.A.F. Comforts Fund. Mrs. Churchill saw many of the gifts and comforts sent to this fund during her visit to the London headquarters. On the occasion of the Mass Meeting at Queen's Hall, arranged by the Anglo-Hellenic League to celebrate Greek Independence Day, Mrs. Churchill represented the Prime Minister, who was unable to attend



The Hon. Mrs. George Lambton walked in beside Gloaming after he had won the Lincolnshire Handicap at 100 to 6, coming in three lengths ahead of Gaston, a 50 to 1 outsider. D. V. Dick rode Gloaming for Mr. S. F. Raphael, and the Hon. George Lambton is his trainer. This was Mr. Lambton's first Lincolnshire winner



Two young wives watching together were Mrs. Patrick Smyly and Mrs. Robert Riseley. Mrs. Smyly was married in 1939, is the former Miss Diana Mills. Mrs. Riseley was Miss Angela Manning before her 1938 wedding, is a cousin of the Earl of Macclesfield

Flat Racing Begins Again

The Opening Day
at Lincoln

Right: Mr. and Mrs. Adair Wigan had a day's racing together. They were married in the first autumn of the war. She was Miss Dawn Gordon, and he is Captain and Mrs. Denis Wigan's only son



A quartet marking their cards in the enclosure were Mrs. Robert Hoare, Michael Beary, Lady Jane Nelson and Captain Becket



S. Wragg, now a gunner, got his hoped-for leave and rode Rue de la Paix for Mr. Abelson in the big race. Here he is with his wife. His brother, Harry Wragg, also had a mount



Mrs. John Musker and Major Murray were two more of those who saw the flat racing season open with a win for Gordon Richards, champion jockey



Mr. Malcolm Hancock is better known as Senior Judge to the Jockey Club than as a lieutenant in the Coldstream. He won the M.C. in the last war

Social Round-about

The "Tatler and Bystander" in Town and Country

By Bridget Chetwynd

Cocktail Cabaret

THIS happened at the Dorchester, and was a great success; hundreds of people there, and a quite pre-war mêlée of frivolous spring hats. It was in aid of the French in Great Britain Fund's welfare activities, of which Lady Crewe is chairman. Lord Bessborough made a speech about it, and there was a splendid entertainment by all sorts of stars, organised by Zena Dare (Mrs. Maurice Brett) and John Gielgud.

Edith Evans, Joyce Grenfell, Beatrice Lillie (her song, "I've Been to a Marvellous Party," was well in the optimistic spring mood of the occasion), Carroll Gibbons, Walter Crisham, Mary Jerrold—who did a monologue from a short story by Elizabeth Bowen, adapted by John Perry.

A lucky number programme won a Molyneux dress. Miss Martita Hunt was the winner, and she generously put her luck up to auction. Onions were auctioned too, with good results: Zena Dare was auctioneer, and she also read out a letter from Michel St. Denis, and broke the news that Alice Delysia, who was to have appeared, was unable to because of a typhoid inoculation. This was before Mme. Delysia had heard that her mother, eighty-five years old, had died in Unoccupied France.

The Audience

MRS. WINSTON CHURCHILL was a looker-on; Mrs. Reginald Fellowes, who was on the committee, was one of the maintainers of smartness; Lady Diana Cooper, Lady Juliet Duff and Lady Malcolm

all looked good; Admiral Muselier came; Captain Molyneux was another member of the committee; Miss Phyllis Dare watched—and so many others. Mrs. A. Thornton and Miss Elizabeth Moncreiff were among the programme sellers—both were on the committee, like their respective mothers, Mrs. Maurice Brett and Lady Moncreiff.

Among the many stage people there, Peter Coates was enjoying the cabaret, and so was clever young Muriel Pavlow from the *Dear Brutus* cast.

Among the Books

IT was really a splendid occasion at Hatchards when they had the second of their meetings with speeches, and very good sherry after them. Sir Thomas Moore started off, explaining a bit about Hatchards and all its traditions—Gladstone and Disraeli at peace in its corners, Georgian Queen Caroline seeking religious books to boost her through her trying life, and so on.

Then Mr. Menzies, Prime Minister of Australia, made a simply lovely speech about the British character. Everything he said was amusing—if I knew shorthand I would have taken it all down, simply for my own amusement. One very true thing he said about the English was that they valued quality of conduct more highly than quality of thought. And that they were bad planners but good improvisers. But the speech was so much better than those two bits make it sound.

Then Mr. Beverley Baxter was so funny my neighbour broke his little gilt chair with laughter, and I shouldn't think any of the chairs will be the same again, so freely did everyone rock. He catalogued

the various British patron saints, and what they represented, ending up with St. George: "A young man of the utmost respectability, and a tendency to interfere in other people's business." He described meeting Mr. Menzies once in Glasgow: "It was bitterly cold and raw because the exhibition was being opened that day." And he said the only sporting thing about cricket was the toss, and poked wonderful fun at the unfairness of the constitutional game.

Big Pots There

I HAD the excitement of being introduced to Mr. Menzies, by Mr. Tommy Cochran, the amusing Australian journalist who manages to create a good time all round him wherever he is. Mr. Menzies said he had only once appeared in *The Tatler*, in a photograph of which the caption read: "Lady Long, Lord Dudley and a friend."

[Mr. Menzies and his family adorned a full page in *The Tatler and Bystander* of March 5th.—Ed.]

Sir Harry Brittain was in on the joke, and talked about the Pilgrim Society, of which he is one of the pillars.

Mr. C. B. Cochran was there: he had been invited to go to New York for the first night of the Gertrude Lawrence play, but although he got every sort of visa, his mission was not thought important enough to entitle him to a seat in the Clipper.

Mrs. Elinor Glyn enjoyed the party: she has a rare thing, a red Persian cat. Lady Oxford was picturesquely dressed, and Mr. Hannen Swaffer was perhaps slightly less disgruntled than usual.

Lunching afterwards I saw Mrs. Robert Laycock in W.V.S. clothes, Mrs. Paddy Bellew looking lovely, and Miss Irene Browne, sad with the horrors of moving house in wartime.

Birthday Party

MISS BETTIE GREENISH had a birthday party, and there were some gay people there to help her enjoy herself, besides her two pretty sisters, Bobbie and Sybil, and her amusing mother.

Mr. Terry Weldon brought his quite gorgeous fiancée, Miss Sue Hopkinson. Mrs. Tyler, who was Phillippa FitzAlan Howard,



Wedding in Berkshire

Captain Ian Hope Johnstone, Royal Fusiliers, son of the late Colonel Hope Johnstone, and Mrs. Hope Johnstone, of Pyt House, Tisbury, Wilts., and Miss Diana Lloyd, daughter of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. C. H. Lloyd, of Eastleigh, Greenham, near Newbury, Berks., were married at Newbury Parish Church



Wedding in London

Mr. David Stephens and Miss Clemency Gore Brown, daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Eric Gore Brown, of Glaston House, Uppingham, Rutland, were married at St. Martin-in-the-Fields. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Berkeley Stephens, of Coxwell Street, Cirencester, works at the Treasury

Social Round-about

(Continued)

was looking grand, and Mr. Jack Lysaght, dressed for the Navy, was with his charming, recently married wife. Count and Countess Czernin were there; he and Mrs. Ralph Kingstone had a long and interesting conversation. Mrs. MacDougal, who was Jean Menzies, came with her mother—husbands get less and less mobile.

There was a birthday cake with one darling little candle. What a spot the young ladies who subtract from their ages are going to be in over the calling-up question.

Romance in Scotland

THE HON. ALAN BOYLE'S youngest daughter, Jean, has just become engaged to Mr. Guy Ellison. She has been working at a canteen in London, and is a most charming and amusing person, like all the members of her family. She is a niece of Lord Glasgow; her cousin, Lady Margaret Boyle, has been very ill for a good many weeks with pleurisy, but fortunately has now almost recovered. She became ill before Christmas, while nursing in one of the local hospitals.

Another engagement of Scottish interest is that of Major Sir John Gilmour of Montrave to Miss Ursula Wills. Sir John is serving with a Yeomanry regiment, and is the son of the late Sir John Gilmour, who was M.P. for the Pollok division of Glasgow, and Secretary of State for Scotland.

Footnote on Cheltenham

AN enormous crowd gathered to watch the racing at Cheltenham on Thursday—Gold Cup day. Women very obviously predominated this year, as the chaps find it increasingly difficult to get leave for these occasions, but they seemed quite

happy, strolling about in twos and threes, standing each other drinks, and discussing the form with great vivacity.

In spite of the brilliant sun it was chilly, and most women kept on their fur coats. Lady Weymouth wore a lovely mink one over her pale blue woollen dress, and a fascinating brown hat shaped rather like a tadpole, with a little tail of ribbon behind. Lady Jean Christy sported a tartan bandeau—her horse, Agleam, ran in the second race. Mrs. Baines-Walker, who looks exactly like Claudette Colbert, only rather prettier, was in a purple tweed suit. Mrs. Peter Long, whose husband used to be Master of the Mendip Hunt, had on a good line in short cream-coloured fox fur coats, and Lady Sybil Phipps, owner of Red Rower, wore a gay shrimp-coloured coat and skirt and a brown fur.

The beauty among the horses was a magnificent black who ran in the last race. He was called Jim Newcombe, and was in almost show condition, with a tail like a cascade of black silk reaching nearly to the ground. His appearance in the paddock caused universal murmurs of admiration and a rush to the two-shilling Tote, but, alas for his admirers, he was not among the first three past the post.

George Archibald has lately been at the O.C.T.U. at Sandhurst, and all the boys there were on him and Savon for the Gold Cup; at least, they got a very good run for it, as he was second, but it was, of course, disappointing.

Love of London

MR. KIERAN TUNNEY is a young Irishman who loves this town—to the extent of writing a song about it, "London, I Cannot Leave You," which has been published, and already broadcast. Lord Foley wrote the music, and Mr. Tunney the lyric. He lives with his guardian, Mr. Leslie Pyke (who, as an engineer, has been in both the Navy and the Air Force

without ever going in a boat or aeroplane), in a darling little house in Culross Street.

He has acted in films and revue, and has plans for writing—or should one say "assembling"?—a revue. In spite of difficult conditions, good revues seem to be now, as in the last war, "the stuff to give the troops," so with enough talent perhaps something successful may come of it. Mr. Tunney and Lord Foley have dished out another song, of popular sentimentality, called "Deep Down in My Heart."

The River

ALL the good old places along the river have become all-the-year-round full up, instead of mere summer-trip spots. Picturesque Berks is alive with prams, bowling like beetles up and down the lanes, and prosperous evacuees have dumped themselves in profusion along the banks of the river, within daytime reach of London and comparatively safe from the hazards of its nights.

Marlow is one of the most attractive, because most truly rural, districts. The country is quite lovely, and there are some attractive old houses and pubs. "The Hand and Flowers" is a name I don't remember coming across before. Then there is "The Compleat Angler," now owned and run by M. Bally, who was for years at Boulestin's, and so knows all about good food, and gets astonishing results with wartime provisions.

Among people enjoying themselves there lately were Sir Westrow Hulse, Wing Commander and Mrs. Peter May, and Air Commodore Croke.

A CORRECTION.

In our issue of March 19th we published a photograph of Lady Davson at the Queen Charlotte Birthday Dinner-Dance, and stated that she was the widow of the late Sir Charles Davson, Chief Justice of Fiji. In fact, our picture was of Lady Davson, widow of the late Sir Edward Davson, Bt., K.C.M.G. We much regret this mistake.



Pearl Freeman

Engaged—Miss Ursula Wills

Miss Ursula Wills is engaged to Major Sir John Gilmour, Bt., Fife and Forfar Yeomanry, of Montrave, Fife. He succeeded his father, the Rt. Hon. Sir John Gilmour, last year. She is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. O. Wills, of Manor House, Abbots Leigh, near Bristol



Harlip

March Bride—Mrs. Courage

Captain Richard Hubert Courage, Northants Yeomanry, and Miss Jean Elizabeth Agnes Watson were married in Essex. He is the younger son of Mr. Raymond Courage, of Edgcote, Banbury, and the late Mrs. Courage. She is the daughter of the late Sir C. Watson, and Lady Watson, of Mount Hall, Great Horkesley, Essex, and is a V.A.D.



Harlip

Engaged—Miss Suzanne Hopkinson

Miss Suzanne Marie Hopkinson announced her engagement a week or two ago to Flt.-Lieut. Terence G. M. Weldon, A.A.F., youngest son of the late Lieut.-Colonel Sir Anthony Weldon, Bt., and Mrs. Wilfred FitzGerald, and brother of the present baronet. She is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Percy C. Hopkinson, of Kingston Gorse, Sussex

Off-Stage for the Moment



Florence Desmond on Her Farm

Florence Desmond, her adopted son, Mike, and her husband, Charles Hughesdon, live on a farm in Hertfordshire. Every week-end after the last show of "Apple Sauce" (at the Palladium) she hurries off there for a rural week-end with her small devoted family, among the cows, pigs, chickens and horses

Mr. and Mrs. Vic Oliver on an Armchair



Ballet Trio on a Score

Tunbridge-Sedgewick

Pauline Grant, choreographer, Nina Tarakanova, dancer, and Gwen Reiche, musical director, were looking at the score of "Midnight Waltz," by a young Polish composer, Stephan Craig. This was written for a new ballet by Pauline Grant which will be part of the revue "Wednesday After the War," that goes to the New, on Saturday. Tarakanova, formerly a member of the Massine ballet company, is the leading dancer in it. Pauline Grant is director of the Ballet Group, recently at the Little Theatre

Sarah Churchill and Vic Oliver are the leading lights of "Plays and Music" at Golder's Green Hippodrome. They appear together in the balcony scene from "Romeo and Juliet," and in three Noel Coward playlets. Separately Vic Oliver makes his own jokes, and Sarah Churchill plays Queen Elizabeth in three episodes arranged by Clemence Dane. "Plays and Music" came south after a long provincial tour when Beatrice Lillie was its star



Myself at the Pictures

By James Agate

A Brilliant Musical

THE number of times that I have enthused over a musical comedy as performed in the theatre could be numbered on the fingers of one hand, less the thumb and counting the little finger as non-existent. In fact, I have to go back to the days of *The Merry Widow* to find a musical show which has not choked me with its mock sentiment and genuine mindlessness welded to the consistency of dental putty. Such is the false impression left upon me by what Mrs. Amanda Ros would have described as maw-filling wads of nothingness.

In the matter of what the cinema calls a musical I cannot remember that I have ever enthused. The reason, I think, has lain in the idiotic notion that the thing requires a plot, which means dialogue. If only the characters in a musical would dance and sing, and sing and dance, and never stop even for breath! For breath to them is fatal, since breath puts it in the power of their monkey brains to simulate human speech!

TURNING up my old notebooks, I find that I wrote in February 1936:

I last saw Miss Rogers in a film called *Roberta*, which—I strive to say it calmly and without excess of emphasis—bored me more than any public entertainment I have ever seen. You see, I have no objection to cheerful, competent, neat-looking little chorus girls. What I object to is the quality of glittering inanity which Miss Rogers took to herself in that film. Once bitten, twice shy, and I refrained from seeing *Top Hat* lest the spectacle should be repeated. *A fortiori*, I have declined to see *In Person*, which, I understand, is all about Miss Rogers, undiluted by Fred Astaire.

In the days of *Roberta*, Ginger Rogers was no more than a musical-comedy artist peeling the musical-comedy stuff off her arms and legs. But I ought to have persisted and divined the genuine artist beneath the mere kicker-up of heels, the woman of intelligence whose first step towards ridding herself of the musical-comedy shackles and becoming a considerable actress was precisely that of cutting herself loose from that pathetic teetotum, that James Welch *manqué*, Fred Astaire. So much to explain my loathing of musical comedy on the stage, and the musical in the cinema.

It will be realised from the foregoing and by the rarer sort of reader who follows an argument instead of skipping it that I addressed myself to *Down Argentine Way* (Regal), with misgivings strongly tinctured with incipient nausea. For one thing, I dislike Technicolor in which all pinks resemble raspberry sauce, reds turn to sealing-wax, blues shriek of the wash-tub, and yellows become Yorkshire pudding.

Again, I am not, alas, an admirer of Don Ameche; whose film heroes seem to me to reek of the barber's chair, though I can never decide whether they are sitters in it or standers behind. Miss Betty Grable? "Aren't you getting into deep waters?" said Miss Grable, looking into Don Ameche's hazel optics. Realising that the label for this kind of film heroine is "sans taste, plus eyes, plus teeth, plus everything," I felt like shouting No. For ten minutes I was comatose of mind and melancholy of spirit. Entertainment had died out of the world and, I felt, would never be

born again. Was there hope in that question of a horse, the kind of animal that wins a race after tailing the field by ten lengths with a couple of furlongs to go? Perhaps.

And then, to my agreeable surprise, the film began to be witty, largely in the person of an actor called Leonid Kinskey impersonating the more raffish sort of South American guide. The taxi-driver who takes him and his clients round the town is his brother-in-law, the head waiter at a dubious joint is his ex-brother-in-law, and it is their illicit commissions which prevent this top-hatted, kid-gloved scoundrel's sister from over-taxing her strength by taking in too much washing! Even on the race-track the precious fellow has a cousin and an uncle who will stoop to anything, and do. Here, then, was a character after the hearts of Maupassant and Damon Runyon, brothers under their highly different literary skins. "J'en chortle," said Stevenson of Mr. Shaw's Admirable Bashville. And at Mr. Kinskey I chortled my fill.

But that was not all. This character established, the picture began to go with a swing, gathering pace with the nods and becks of that overgrown poplar, Charlotte Greenwood, the extravagances of that most dynamic of diseuses, Carmen Miranda—more Mérimée's heroine than Shakespeare's—and the whirlwind tap-dancing of the Nicholas Brothers. This last is something to give balletomanes pause. It is impossible, and its achievement brings forth applause rarely heard in the living theatre.

Add some shots which are less crowd scenes than the canvases of a great master, some gay and delightful music, gathering verve moving to a climax in which the horse referred to above wins by the neck his dishonest jockey has nearly dislocated in his effort to pull him and sell the race—and the result is a brilliant affair I could have sat through again then and there. I even got used to—in fact, I ended by revelling in—the colour.

When the house is drowning itself in tears it is no good for the superior critic to say that the piece is not pathetic. Equally, when it is holding its sides it is useless for the supercilious fellow to pretend that the thing is not funny. The real difficulty occurs when the film cannot make up its mind whether its basis is light or shade.

IN the theatre I have never believed in the genre known as comedy-thriller. I have never been able to see that you can laugh your head off and at the same time expect your hair to stand on end. In other words, I am an old fogey who believes that the first business of a work of art is to be consistent with itself.

On the other hand, there are some films which do not pretend to be works of art, and perhaps *Trail of the Vigilantes* (Odeon) is one of them. Anyhow, this film, which has been described as a horse opera or cod Western, is extremely amusing provided you don't take your Westerns seriously, which I do.

But even this did not obscure the great merit of a gloriously comic performance by Mischa Auer.



"Down Argentine Way"—Clown, Star, and Singer

Leonid Kinskey is the actor whom Mr. Agate has picked out to praise in the new musical at the Regal. Betty Grable is the heroine, a blonde New York beauty who falls for an illustrious Argentine horse-breeder (Don Ameche). Carmen Miranda is a singer who made such a reputation for herself on Broadway that they called her the "Brazilian Bombshell." Irving Cummings directed "Down Argentine Way," which is reviewed above.



Andrew Undershaft (Robert Morley) pays a visit to the Salvation Army shelter where his daughter works, in a poverty-stricken district of the East End, and tries to prove to Cusins (Rex Harrison) that once upon a time he was an expert on the trombone. This is a scene from the film "Major Barbara," which has been in the making at Denham for some months, produced and directed by Gabriel Pascal, opening at the Odeon Theatre on Monday next (April 7)

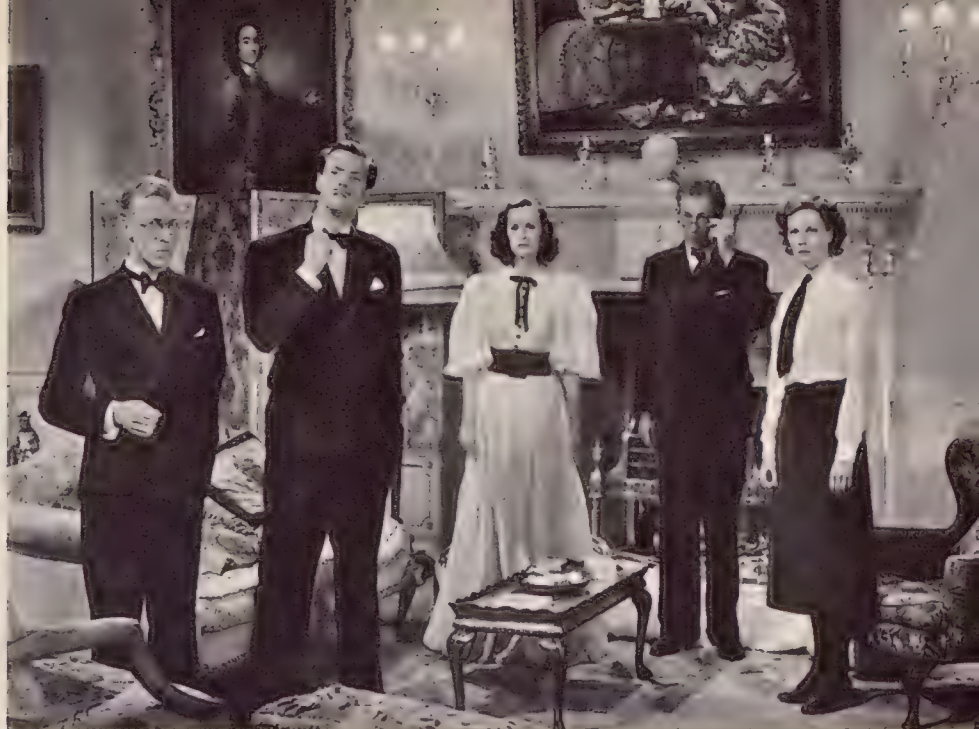
"Major Barbara"

The Film Version of Shaw's
Play at the Odeon Theatre



Mr. Undershaft (Robert Morley), in the presence of Cusins (Rex Harrison), his future son-in-law, hands a cheque for £50,000 to the Salvation Army General (Sybil Thorndike). She has her most dramatic moment when she announces that the Army has been saved by this magnificent gift. Undershaft made a pact with his daughter that he would visit the shelter where she works if she will come and see his armaments factory in return

Major Barbara (Wendy Hiller) has an awkward moment when the Cockney bully, Bill Walker (Robert Newton), another of the intensely human characters in the story, jeers about the money given by her father out of the millions he has made from munitions, a fact of which she is bitterly ashamed



Stephen Undershaft (Walter Hudd), Charles Lomax (David Tree), Sarah Undershaft (Penelope Dudley Ward), Adolphus Cusins (Rex Harrison) and Barbara Undershaft (Wendy Hiller) await the arrival of Mr. Andrew Undershaft (Robert Morley) at the house of his wife, from whom he has been separated for many years. He is to see his family again and meet his son and daughters and discuss arrangements for their futures



Snobby Price (Emlyn Williams), an out-of-work painter, eagerly takes the opportunity, watched by Major Barbara (Wendy Hiller), to pour out an impassioned account of the struggles and hopes of people in his position, and his views on life, to Andrew Undershaft (Robert Morley), the millionaire arms manufacturer, father of Barbara, on the occasion of his visit to the scene of her life work



Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

FILM-ACTRESSES, according to one of the gossips, are getting taller; by which he meant, it appeared, that taller film-actresses are getting the jobs. A nice meta-physical distinction, like that between "being" and "becoming," though less exciting.

If you ask us, the time is probably getting (being, or becoming) ripe for the return of the tall stage Juno, all majesty, opulence, and perhaps, a kittenish froufrou, who delighted our Edwardian predecessors by swishing about in plays generally called *John Lansborough's Honour* and *The Impossible Mrs. Montazure*, many or maybe all of which ended with the humble line: "Yes, Richard; I will try to correct my faults"; for that, an aged connoisseur assures us, was how wives spoke then. Anyhow, we long ago detected many signs that the West End theatre public is sick of tiny, diaphanous, wispy, winsome little actresses and longing for a return to what is called the Grade A-plus stuff.

All those tenuous, gossamer little fly-by-nights came in early in World War I., when chaps were too excited about the Russian Steam-Roller ("Berlin by Christmas!") to notice what was going on, and West End revue producers soon found them cheaper to replace, being standardised, or so a Gunner Captain told us at the first night of *Bubbly*, or was it *Cheep*? These sweet-hearts have had every encouragement since to grow into big tall girls with the proper curves

and voices, but they have just gone on being dainty little appealing will-o'-the-wisps. It is therefore high time to restore them to the box and bring out a larger model.

But not too large, please. The first night of *La Traviata*, you may have heard, was a flop because the consumptive Violetta was so huge that she broke the bed. "We of the Theatre" (Mr. Cochran) are often apt to overdo it.

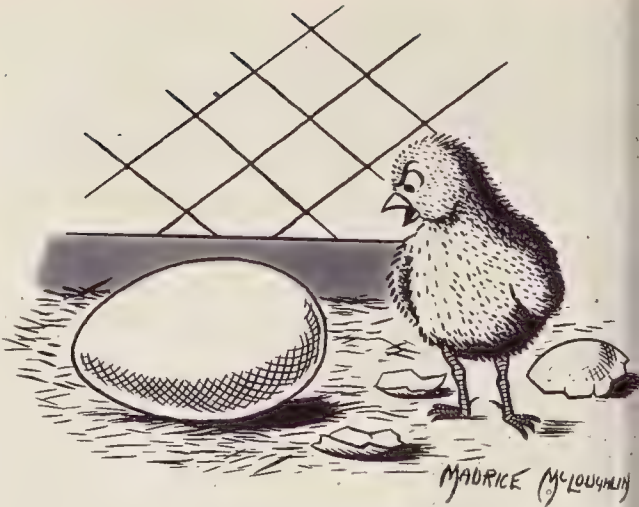
Arsenal

EXCAVATIONS at Marble Hill, Twickenham, have just unearthed Swift's wine-cellar, which Pope turned into his famous Grotto; a news-item reminding the thoughtful once again that as more and more Ministers of the Crown seem inclined nowadays in moments of emotion, to drop into poetry, they might well take a brilliant line or two from the incomparable little Slogger, who has said it nearly all, and much better.

That recent boom in Pope sponsored by Lytton Strachey and Edith Sitwell hasn't reached the Government yet, evidently, or else the Chancellor of the Exchequer could hardly refrain from constantly shouting, and maybe dancing, a couplet like—

Blest Paper-Credit! last and best Supply,
That lends Corruption lighter wings to fly!

And there are hundreds of single lines (e.g., "A brain of feathers and a heart of



"You can come out now, the
All Clear's gone"

lead," and "No creature smarts so little as a fool") which make handsome knobbly missiles in debate. In fact, if you want a rock to sling at almost anybody you find it, exquisitely cut and glittering like a diamond, in Pope, whose world didn't differ noticeably from ours, e.g.—

Narcissa's nature, tolerably mild,
To make a Wash, would hardly stew a Child,
and

To rest, the Cushion and soft Dean invite,
Who never mentions Hell to ears polite.

Our feeling is that more chaps would like to be rude to other chaps if they knew the best way to do it. Beginners should look up Pope on Lord ("Fanny") Hervey, for a start.

Rally

SHORTLY after hearing that the Buchmanite boys have been adjudged liable for military service, we were relieved to discover from a letter in a country paper that that far fiercer sect, the Baconians, are also on Britain's side.

The position of the Baconians, whom Sir John Squire or somebody has charitably assumed to be the victims of religious mania, seems, we gather, to be that while any reference to the genius of Shakespeare continues to drive them hopping crazy, they don't mind waiving this monstrous injustice and taking part in the war effort, confident that the triumph of Right will topple the ignoble Stratford clown from his pedestal and enthrone Bacon, the Backsheesh King, for ever in his place.

You may marvel mildly that chaps can work themselves up so thoroughly over things like this. You ought to study the Bilateral Cypher. Also the account of those mysterious unfruitful Baconian excavations in the bed of the River Wye some years ago, in search, if we remember rightly, of a certain chest containing the original MSS. in Bacon's handwriting of all the Plays and Sonnets and maybe a pair of Bacon's old Sunday pants. It is a very wonderful business, and Father Ronald Knox's celebrated satirical thesis proving by cypher that Queen Victoria wrote Tennyson's *In Memoriam* sounds almost a recital of sober fact by comparison.

Daydream

THE only Baconian we ever met in the flesh was a mild creature addicted to gardening and the *Spectator*, perfectly sane on every other topic; but the loathly figure of Shakespeare loomed constantly on his

(Concluded on page 14)



"No—actually the short beard is senior to the long one"

*Pictorial Press*

The Secretary of State for the Colonies

Lord Moyne had his first colonial experience as a young man of twenty in the South African War, in which he was wounded, mentioned in despatches, and decorated. (In the first Great War he was also decorated for gallantry.) His next official contact with Britain's Colonial Empire came thirty-one years later, when he went with the Financial Mission to Kenya. Then in 1938 he was chairman of one of the most important of the many commissions and committees on which he has served—the West India Royal Commission, whose report may well be judged by future generations to have marked an epoch in colonial development. It was appropriate that

Lord Moyne's first official act as Colonial Secretary a few weeks ago was to announce that one of the Commission's chief recommendations was to be put into effect—the granting of universal adult suffrage to Jamaica. Lord Moyne went to the Colonial Office in February after Lord Lloyd's death; before that he was Joint Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Agriculture. As Mr. Walter Guinness, he had been Minister of Agriculture himself from 1925 to 1929. He is a brother of the Earl of Iveagh, received his barony in 1932, has two sons and a daughter. His wife, a sister of the Earl of Buchan, died in 1939

Standing By ...

(Continued)

mental horizon, and his eyes then became mad. If, we thought idly, these boys married into that curious sect which wears long Druidical beards and prophesies, the offspring might be prophesying bearded ladies, who could then all write for the *New Statesman*.

Orgy

MR. WARD PRICE took a timely sock in the *Daily Mail* the other day at the national custom of public lunching and oratory, still flourishing merrily in the midst of a life-and-death war ("how often does one hear of Hitler taking time off to attend a public banquet?" asked Mr. Price).

These orgies have often been satirised, and it isn't very difficult. The flushed and comatose audience, the obvious tokens of high blood-pressure, the bland droning of the big bonnets rising one by one at the top table, the unending drip-drip of adulation, the shy, smug, self-conscious pan of the guest of honour next in turn to be buttered—it is all extremely comic, and we have more than once courted opprobrium by emitting a helpless, bell-like cackle at the wrong moment.

Fortunately there are antidotes. At dining-clubs for wits and bons viveurs like the Omar Khayyám, now suspended for the duration, the guest of honour can take that oily smile off his silly big face just as soon as he hangs up his hat, because however important he is the speaker chosen to toast the guests has a few polite shafts ready for him.

Reflection

THIS does an enormous amount of good, and we have often desired to see the same gentle deflating process applied to every "full-blown Bufo, puff'd by every quill." Or even more so.

Consider the relief and joy of right-minded citizens when, immediately after some glossy booky figure or politician has finished his roulades and cadenzas and sat down, the next speaker rises and begins with a graceful gesture: "The incredible ass who has just addressed you. . ."

Enigma

REVERTING, as the income-tax boys say, to that terrible little Diary of a Staff Officer, which is still on a lot of chaps' minds, we agree with a military critic who last week rated that macabre thirty minutes of Allied muddle and indecision which might otherwise (the Staff Officer thinks) have stemmed the German rush and saved the French Army as one of the most doom-laden half-hours in history.

In our faltering view it almost compares with that last midnight half-hour it took Drouet to gallop hell-for-leather across country from Ste. Menchould to Varennes, hold up the fugitive Louis XVI.'s coach, and change the history of Europe. And musing further on Drouet's tremendous ride, we wondered for the hundredth time why Count Axel Fersen, Marie-Antoinette's devoted friend, who planned the Royal flight from Paris, met his peculiar end. A few years later, you recollect, the mob of his native Stockholm tore Fersen limb from limb in the street for (as Lord Howard of Penrith, one-time British Ambassador to Sweden, remarks with justifiable faint surprise in his recent memoirs) "so far as I could gather, no very special reason."

Guess

THE Swedes are blond, blue-eyed, quiet, prudent, stolid, well-behaved, non-committal boys, their hair smoothly brushed and their clean round Nordic pans shining with conscious virtue. For a long time they have hated violence, and a peaceable neutrality is very precious to them, not to say, now and then, profitable. Nobody has ever satisfactorily explained why they suddenly took Fersen to pieces so savagely, almost like a Paris mob. Our tentative solution is that they resented his mixing with licentious foreigners and destroyed him on moral grounds.

Rite

CUCKOO and chiff-chaff having dutifully reported "present" the other day to three breathless *Times* readers, Spring may be said to have officially begun.

The actual ceremony of starting off the Spring each year from Printing House Square is very simple and dignified, a spy tells us. On the evening the news is

received a whitebearded majordomo knocks thrice at the Editor's door with his staff, enters, bows low, and says: "Sir, we have been newly apprised on unimpeachable, nay, clerical authority that the distinctive note of the cuckoo (*Cuculus canorus*) has been heard in Berkshire." To which the Editor replies: "Are you fully seised and cognisant of the entire circumstances, Winterbottom, and simultaneously aware that notifications of this event—albeit plausible—have on occasion been traceable to the lewd impulses of persons employed in agricultural pursuits, basely imitating this feathered biped with their mouths?"

To this the majordomo answers: "Sir, among all the myriad anfractuosités of the human mind I know of no trick more despicable. We are abundantly satisfied that this is information of a veracity which the most abandoned will hardly dare to flout, or the most fastidious presume to improbate."

A silver bell is then rung and the sonorous words "*Fiat!* Let Spring begin!" resound through the stately corridors, while on every hand venerable figures break into a choral dance adapted alike from the fertility-rites of the Eleusinian Mysteries and the Song of the Arval Brethren.

Alarm

IN printing a sonnet (not terribly good) about Freedom and Justice by a poet named James Drummond Burns (1823-64), Auntie *Times* has taken an unfortunate step, in our petrified view. May we expect in due course poems by George Shakespeare, Cyril J. Milton, E. Hemingway Wordsworth, Bertie F. Tennyson, Ezekiel Browning, *et al.*, or do you think that long before Auntie can call up these reserves she will have been yammered to pieces by wild Burns-addicts?

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"If you are convicted of sleeping at your post, the 'Morfo' Insomnia Cure Company would appreciate a testimonial"

Old Bill Goes East: By Bruce Bairnsfather



"Nao! That's not the land mine, fat'ead! That's my old woman 'lookin'
at the 'ole it made"



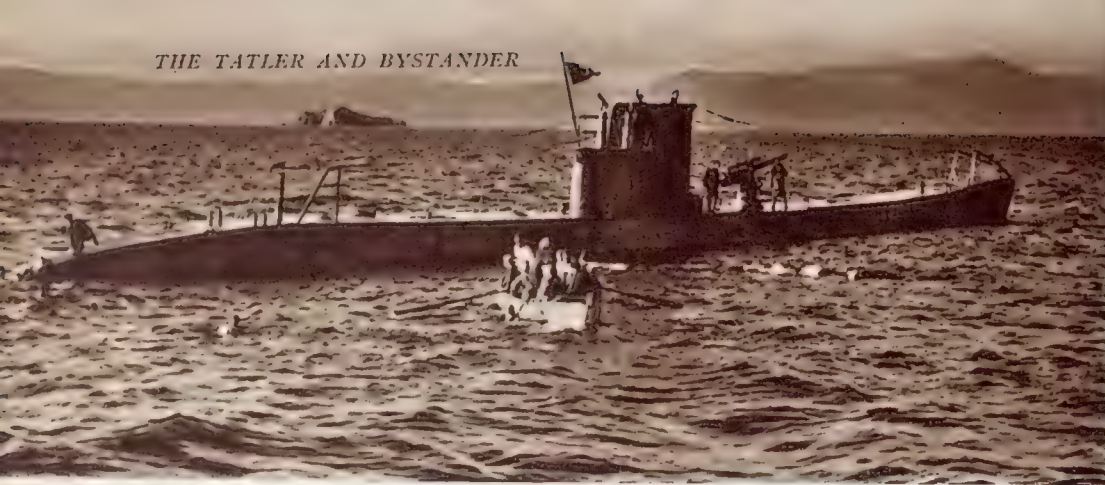
J.M.
Dwyer.

"My Goodness — My Guinness"



Flat Racing Begins at Lincoln: By "The Tout"

The Glasgow Twins, two of the cheeriest sportsmen who ever crossed the Border, won the Lincoln in 1932 with their partnership horse, Jerome Fandor. Their real names are A. McKinley and Tom Stevenson. Their trainer, Harry Peacock, also won the Lincoln a few years back with Marmaduke Jinks, and saddled last year's second, Uncle Archie, who was in the race again with his stable companion, Ridley. Major G. C. Buxton, a keen racegoer, is one of the Lincoln stewards. W. Easterby and Sam Armstrong are, like Harry Peacock, very successful Yorkshire trainers, whose stables usually make a good showing at Lincoln. Mr. H. H. Leven, whose hotels, the White Hart and Saracen's Head at Lincoln, are two of the best in the country, is a keen follower of racing, and owned the useful Nord Express, whom he bought from Prince Aly Khan just before the war. Mr. Raymond Glendinning is the well-known B.B.C. commentator, and the auctioneer is Mr. Ford



A replica of a German U-boat was built in the Hudson Straits for the sequence in "49th Parallel" which shows the destruction of a Nazi submarine and the escape of six members of its crew

Decor by Canada

Prairies, Mountains and Lakes
Are the Background for
"49th Parallel"



The survivors of the lost German submarine work and plunder their way across Canada in an attempt to reach neutral safety in the United States. They are taken on as extra hands for the harvest on a prairie farm

The young descendant of German Hutterite emigrés who settled in Canada (Glynis Johns) talks to one of the Nazi sailors (Niall MacGinnis), who think they have found friends when they see the German newspaper on the scarecrow. But their Hitlerite propaganda falls on hostile ears among the free Germans of the prairies

Canadian-German and Nazi-German



A French-Canadian trapper (Laurence Olivier), home after a month's-long trip, has no idea there is a war on. The Nazi sailors come to his cabin on their journey across Canada. The Eskimo in the picture on the left is Ley On.



A vast panorama of Canadian life and scenery has been used for the setting of *49th Parallel*, the film which John Sutor, Oscar Deutsch, and the director, Michael Powell, have made in co-operation with the Ministry of Information. Michael Powell first went to Canada with the author, Emeric Pressburger, to get a story for the scenario, then went back with a film unit to shoot some sequences on the spot and get material for the background of others. An Eskimo village at Wolstenholm Cape, a Hutterite settlement of German refugees in the prairie country, an Indian camp in the Rockies, are some of the places filmed; the North-West Frontier Police, railways, airlines, and the activities of many types of people and many nationalities have been woven into the story of the six Nazi sailors who tried to make their way across the great Dominion to the United States after their submarine was sunk. The sailors are played by Eric Portman, Raymond Lovell, John Chandos, Niall MacGinnis, Peter Moore, Basil Appleby; and Leslie Howard, Laurence Olivier, Raymond Massey, Anton Walbrook and Glynis Johns play the chief characters they meet during their journey



One by one the Nazis fall out of the long trail across Canada. Three have been left behind, killed or captured, and now a fourth (Peter Moore, left) is too weary, footsore and nerve-shattered to struggle on



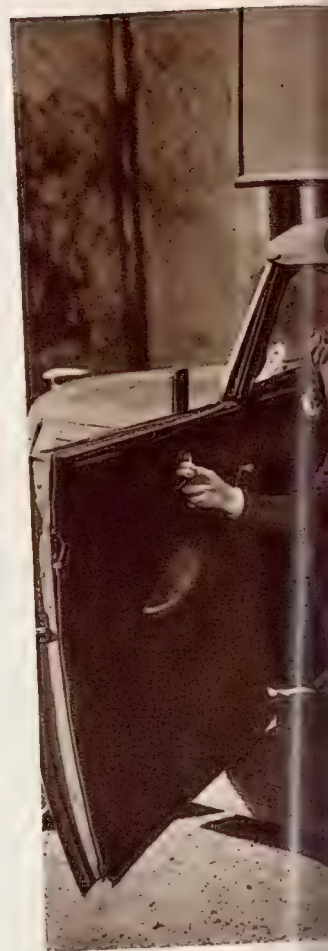
An Indian camp in the magnificent mountain scenery of the Rockies was used as setting for another sequence. Two of the escaping Nazi sailors arrive at the camp to find an author (Leslie Howard) living wild, and ensconced in a wigwam



The final show-down comes when Hirth (Eric Portman, right), the leader of the Nazi fugitives, comes up against a Canadian soldier (Raymond Massey), and the issue of democracy and Nazi-ism is dramatically fought out between these two representatives of different worlds



Standing in the gateway of the twelfth-century manor-house at Cranborne, Dorset, is the Y.M.C.A. tea car, presided over by Viscountess Cranborne, wife of the Dominions Secretary, who is assisted in her work by friends and members of her household staff



Driving the mobile canteen, David Bruce, of Long Island



Viscountess Cranborne Runs Y.M.C.A. Tea Car, a Gift from America

Help from America comes in every shape and form, including gifts of mobile canteens to serve troops in English country districts. The tea car illustrated here is the gift of Mr. David Bruce, of Long Island, U.S.A., and is operating in Dorset. Lady Cranborne is in command, helped by many of her friends and by the household staff of the Manor House, Cranborne, Lord and Lady Cranborne's country home. Lord Cranborne was made a baron in his own right last December, has been Secretary of State for the Dominions since October of last year, and also speaks for the Government on foreign affairs in the Lords. South Dorset, his constituency for nearly twelve years, is now represented by Lieut. Lord Hinchinbrooke. Lady Cranborne is the daughter of Lord and Lady Richard Cavendish, and a cousin of the Duke of Devonshire. Lady Ashley, formerly Miss Françoise Soulier, who drives the tea car, married Lord Ashley as his second wife in 1937. They have a son aged nearly three, and a baby daughter born last year.

Loading the car: Viscountess Cranborne receives trays of cakes from Miss Davis, cook at the Manor, and Miss Isabel Evans

Canteen



The
Mrs.
1937



Standing by the tea car, from which they serve troops in the neighbourhood, are Viscountess Cranborne, Lady Ashley, Miss Anthea Gordon and the Misses Isabel and Susan Evans, daughters of Admiral Evans, of the British Purchasing Commission

men, generously provided by Mr. David Bruce of Long Island, U.S.A., is the job of Lady Ashley

Cap adjustment: Lady Ashley deals with Miss Isabel Evans' headgear

ning in Dorset



canteen in action: Miss Anthea Gordon, daughter of Captain and Charles Gordon, of Boveridge Park, Salisbury, serves food to the troops. Her twin sister, Thalia, is in the A.T.S., and drives a staff car



With Silent Friends

By Richard King

Tale of a Boarding-house

OF worlds-within-worlds, I always think the two most curiously remote, apart, of course, from convents, monasteries and prisons, is the world within a hospital and the world within a boarding-house. Both—or so is my experience—bear as little resemblance to life as it is being lived outside as if each were a lonely island in the middle of the Pacific. Each leads an existence exclusive to itself. Each has its own laws, regulations, its important personages and its minor characters; within each surge scandals, rebellions, local gossip, house-shattering “carnival” or “blitzkrieg”; and nobody outside the building knows anything about them; or would care overmuch, if they did. But inside they are all-important. They are the centre of every conversation. Emotions run high or tepid, according to their demand upon attention. There is no getting away from their atmosphere, because there is no other atmosphere to breathe.

Essentially it is a narrow interest, but I have discovered that the narrower the interest, from the point of view of the outside world, the greater the emotional turmoil. You have only to live in a remote country village to realise this, and life in a hospital or a boarding-house is as remote as any hamlet. Oh, the curiosity concerning a new arrival! Oh, the interest displayed over an imminent departure! Oh, the promises of friendship which are rarely kept; the enmity which dies at the moment of separation! In the meanwhile, the inmates watch each other, criticise each other, love each other, hate each other, praise or disapprove, as if beyond the immediate circle nothing or nobody was of vital importance. So that conversation becomes “hospital talk,” inevitably, and a boarding-house gossip merely an endless discussion concerning the land-

lady or the other boarders. Outside, a revolution may be brewing; but inside it is all a question of matron's temper, or if the married couple who have just rented Room 15 are quite as married as they pretend to be.

Both hospital and boarding-house, however, afford an opportunity to study human



W.V.S. Administrator

Mrs. W. E. Rice is one of the five W.V.S. Group Administrators for London. She has presented a mobile canteen to Admiral Sir Edward Evans, London Regional Commissioner, for use in Bethnal Green, Finsbury, Holborn, Hackney, Poplar, Shoreditch and Stepney



Opening a Sailors' Rest Home

Lady Hawke (above, right) opened the new temporary premises of the Royal Sailors' Rest (Agnes Weston Home) at Northleigh, London Road, Portsmouth, the old one having been destroyed in a raid about two months ago. With her here is Mrs. Bernard Currey, the Lady Superintendent, who presided at the opening. The King and Queen, Queen Mary, and the First Lord of the Admiralty sent messages of good wishes

nature, which few other circumstances can equal. It may not often expand the optimistic horizon—at least, where boarding-houses are concerned—but it does introduce you to unique and diverse human types that you might pass by in the street and never notice there was anything unusual about them. I once lived in a boarding-house; indeed, I have lived in several—pray heaven I never die in one!—and I met queerer human beings in a week than if I had spent a year watching the idiosyncrasies of crowds, or going from party to party.

Well, Nina Fedorova's £2500 Atlantic prize-winning novel, *The Family* (Collins; 8s. 6d.), is an acute study of life in a boarding-house, and I can only add that, to read it is like living in one, without oneself suffering from the proximity of the boarders and the depressing minuteness of their world.

A Strange Human Assortment

THIS boarding-house is situated in China. The family who keep it—consisting of Granny, Mother and three children—are White Russians who had managed to retain from the prolific line of their noble ancestors only a long and shapely nose. They were cultured, beautifully mannered, beautifully brought-up, but they were tragically poor. The boarding-house paid only to that unsatisfactory extent of leaving them a little in debt each week. There was sometimes a little profit, but not often. In fact, it really looked as if the end had come

(Concluded on page 24)



Elliott & Fry

Drivers for the Ministry of Supply

Mrs. George, Miss Latter, Mrs. McAlpine Downie, Dr. Robertson, Miss Gregory, Mrs. Heath, Acting Ensign Mrs. Van den Bergh, Captain Mrs. Fuller, Miss Amsden, Miss Perkins, Mrs. Gardner, Mrs. Carter, Miss Bree, Mrs. King, are some of the two hundred members of the M.T.C. who drive for the Ministry of Supply. Mrs. Fuller, wife of General A. C. Fuller, started this service by driving her own car for officials of the Ministry two days after war began; now the unit covers several provincial centres as well as London



A fellow Russian, Captain Serge Rodzianko, painted this portrait of Princess Natasha Bagration. He belongs to a famous Cossack family, is internationally known both as a horseman and tennis player; is the brother of Colonel Paul Rodzianko, whose wife is Mr. Shane Leslie's daughter. Rodzianko only began portrait painting four or five years ago



Photographs by Tunbridge-Sedgwick

On the kitchen door is a big sheet of paper on which Princess Natasha Bagration's friends sign their names when they come to a dinner she herself cooks for them

Russian in London

Princess Natasha Bagration at Home

Princess Natasha Bagration is a descendant through her father of the Kings of Georgia, and through her mother, daughter of the Grand Duke Constantine, of the former Imperial House of Russia. She is a cousin of the Duchess of Kent, of whom she is also a close friend. She came to England five years ago to learn the language, and liked it so much that she has made her home here ever since. Before the war she was working as a model for Paquin, but since the war has been in the Yugoslav section of the B.B.C., where she has been able to put to good use her knowledge of that language, as well as of Russian, Georgian and French

Family photographs in Princess Natasha Bagration's flat include one of her brother, Prince Termuraz Bagration, who is in the Yugoslav Guards Regiment and was married in Belgrade last year, and one of the Duchess of Kent and her children. Googles the bear has not pearls, but little lamps for his eyes



With Silent Friends

(Continued)

and the family would have to try again somewhere else, when fate dumped down upon them a wealthy inebriate, Mrs. Parrish.

Mrs. Parrish was essentially a jovial drunkard. Her manners were uncertain, but her intentions golden-hearted. Nobody could cope with her eccentricities except Granny, who could cope with anybody. She was old, very gentle, very understanding; the sweetest and dearest old lady. Therefore it seemed to me a pity when Mme. Fedorova killed her off half-way through the book. She was the only character which really held the story together, giving it a definite connecting thread between the various life-stories and character-studies which make up the tale. After her death, a certain monotony creeps in.

Human Odds-and-Ends

THE arrival of Mrs. Parrish had been great fun. Mme. Militza, the Bessarabian fortune-teller, who lost all her best clients because, being Russian, for the most part the cards invariably foretold misfortune, is an amusing woman to meet. The hissing Japanese gentleman who occupied one of the rooms, and the silent, reserved Chinaman who occupied another, are vividly sketched in. The roar and turmoil which heralded the beginning of the Japanese invasion comes dramatically through the windows of the boarding-house, without, however, disturbing life therein for very long at a time.

But after a while one begins to realise that, though the story is interesting, amusing, and often pathetic, there is no reason why it should not go on for ever, since actually there is no main plot, the whole scheme being simply to introduce us to an assortment of strange, but always intriguing, characters. There is, for instance, Dr. Isaac, who, being a Jew, had fled from Europe, and his wife who, under persecution, ceased to be a lady and became a virago. There is Miss Pink who, with a Bible in one hand, spent her life trying to drive the more hapless sinners into Heaven; and Irina, who, "living in sin," refused to live anywhere else. And a charmingly told love-affair between Lida, one of the family, and a young American boy; besides an almost equally passionate devotion between Dima, the little boy, and Mrs. Parrish's bulldog. And an Englishwoman who spends her life seeking for a lost lover; and a Russian mother whose daughter is to be one of the world's dancers, until age puts an end to that fond dream; also a delightful professor and his wife.

The book is full of strange life-stories and queer, eccentric, but mostly very lovable people. The trouble is that, as a story, it seems to lead nowhere, nor mean very much beyond immediate entertainment. But it has charm and it has humour and it has pathos, so lots of readers will enjoy it.

Thoughts from "The Family"

"To one disillusioned are alien all the enticements of the old days."

"You never know what really is behind the happy surface of another person's life. Your life, your own life, however hard, is your path to heaven. You must learn to love it."

"Why do we all fall in love? For

the same obscure reasons hidden so deeply in our hearts. No matter how much we discuss love, the last word on it is still to be said."

"One is never so inclined to risks in love as in days of uncertainty and troubles."

"Wherever one goes, one can never see more of human nature than one can see from one's windows at home."

"The greatest gift a woman can offer is not her love. It is her tenderness and devotion. These keep families together."

Trite Glamour

THE once-attractive husband who in middle age lets himself go to fat, and drinks to forget what it implies; the wife whom he has taken for granted too long—and no woman, and very few others, can endure that and still go on loving; the near-gigolo who appears on the scene, and with whom the wife falls passionately in love, though she is much older than he is; the younger rival, towards whom the boy is attracted; and then, at last, the attempted murder of the husband by the wife, who thus hopes to assume a more complete sway over her lover—this story has been told in both fact and fiction until we are almost too familiar with it. Does Mr. Alec Waugh, who uses the theme in his new novel, *No Truce With Time* (Cassell; 7s. 6d.), succeed in giving it a new interest? Yes—and no. Yes, because it is always a human, and thus exciting, plot. No, because he has failed to delve much beneath the story's melodramatic surface. The West Indian scene, however, certainly lends it a difference.

Mary, the wife of a leading light of the island of El Santo, had already begun to resent her husband's attitude towards her, observe cynically his decline in glamour, and his aptitude to seize the bottle whenever things appeared worrying or dull, was thirty-ish when she met Barclay Ashe, younger than herself, who dressed as for musical comedy, but possessed all the

health and enthusiasm of youth, plus the attraction of hiding a smouldering passion for herself beneath a somewhat shy exterior. The result was a passionate week's honeymoon in Barbados, throughout which Mary alternately shuddered and gloried in her guilt, but was reassured by her lover's remarkable tact in public. Then Kitty arrived on the scene, and altered the whole situation. Mary, as a widow, might be able to force her prior claim. As the wife of a high official, however, and one therefore who, on account of her position, must hide her secret, she was at a disadvantage. Inwardly shattered and loving the more passionately as her hold became uncertain, recollections of *Madame Bovary* returned to her; together with all those detective stories which told how a murder might be committed with a minimum of risk. The subsequent inquest on Gerald therefore seemed to leave her safe and future happiness looked like a certainty, when the insurance company sent a representative to investigate the circumstances. A suicide, which looked like an accident, was Mary's only way out.

That, briefly, is the story, and although it is familiar, it is always popular. And it lends itself to glamour and sex. Mr. Waugh has given plenty of both. The result can best be summed up as being lusciously trivial. But lots of feminine readers won't notice it; they will revel in its love-making.

Another Good Story

IF you can't be rude yourself—and some people can't—then it is always a relief to listen to other people being impolite to others, thus enjoying a thrill of vicarious letting-off of steam. It seems to get something off your own chest. Well, rudeness predominates in Emmeline Morrison's new novel, *The Quentins* (Hutchinson; 8s. 6d.). As a family, the Quentins seemed to be masters of the game of being disagreeable without provoking an open quarrel. And this is indeed an art, as the "peace-at-any-price" people know, and sometimes envy.

Mrs. Quentin, the stepmother, possessed it as a treasured possession. She was unpleasant to everybody except Patricia, who had been engaged to Ronald, the younger stepson, although actually, as it turned out at last, he had been secretly married all the time. Francis, his elder brother, was rude to Patricia, however, chiefly because he feared she might console herself with him after his brother's death. The son of Mrs. Quentin herself was insolent in a disarming way to everyone, except Ronald's small boy, born of his secret marriage, and the mysterious "Auntie" who came to visit him. In fact, a gloriously rude time was had by all, and very entertaining it all is to read about, until Francis is found murdered. Whereupon one immediately begins to suspect everybody, especially Francis.

The solution of the crime, however, is well kept, and what makes the story so enjoyable is that it moves so swiftly and carries along with it a whole queer assortment of characters, each one of whom is not only alive, but straining at the leash to kick. So the book is at once entertaining and exciting, and as you never know what the Quentins are going to say next, so you never know what is going to happen next. And this, I take it, is the sign of a good, readable story.



Author and Helper

Mr. George Marochetti (right), late 11th (P.A.O.) Hussars, has recently published his reminiscences under the title of "*Rich in Range*" (Hutchinson; 8s. 6d.). With him here is Mr. Gordon Slade, who suggested to Mr. Marochetti he should write his book, and also helped him with it.

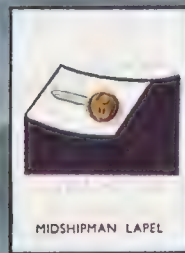
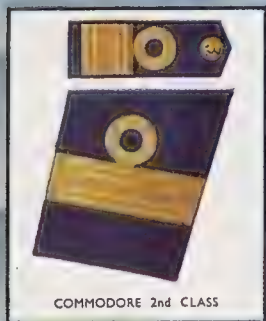
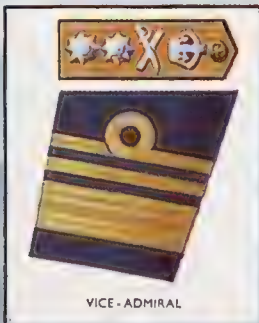
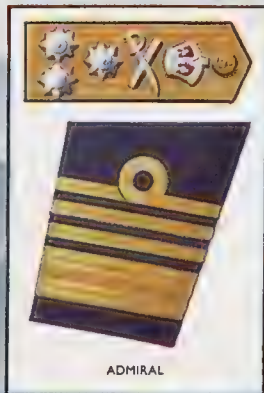
HOW TO RECOGNISE

RANK IN THE

Royal



Navy



THE MEDALLION ON A DUNLOP FORT TYRE



INDICATES DISTINGUISHED TYRE SERVICE

The answer is
**Selberite Arch
 Preserver Shoes**

PORTHOLE
 In Blue, Black
 or Wine Suede



SPRING IS IN THE AIR, let there be
 spring in your step too.
 Nature made the foot lively — and lovely.
 Think of its intricate and superb structure.
 What footwear can possibly match it?
 Wearers of Selberite Arch Preserver Shoes
 know the answer. They know how
 "Arch Preservers" give back to their feet
 Nature's treadbase, which fashionable heels
 and shapes had thrown out of balance.
 But the marvel is that Selberite Arch Pre-
 server Shoes also have fashionable heels and
 shapes. And something more, for these Spring
 1941 styles demonstrate the highest art of the
 shoe designer, both of England and America.



WALTZ
 In Black, Brown
 or Blue Suede

Famous Selberite Arch Preserver
 features: Light, invisible bridge
 under the outer arch; metatarsal
 maintainer; flat innersole;
 slenderized stylings.



Look for this
 trade mark.
 All genuine Arch Preservers bear it.

300 Shops in the British Isles are authorised to fit and sell Selberite Arch
 Preservers. Write for list of them, with illustrations of new styles, to

ARCH PRESERVER SHOE LTD.,

(London Office): 17/18, OLD BOND STREET, W.1

Air Eddies

By Oliver Stewart

Clubs are Trumps

THEORETICALLY, clubs are abhorrent to me. Extensions of the public schools, they likewise segregate the sexes and seek to turn men into monks, sterile, stupid, but self-sufficient, egregious goons' stuffed with "nancified" notions of good form. The only thing one learns at a public school is to despise one's parents; the only thing one learns at a club is that parents deserve to be despised.

That is the theory. Practically, however, I am a clubman myself. If I were run over by a bus, the newspapers would be justified in reporting the event as: "Bus Crushes West End Clubman." Which brings me to the burden of my song: "The Aero Club, the Aero Club; Of air affairs it is the hub."

Not very long ago a German bomb fell upon the Royal Aero Club. It was variously determined by expert members there assembled to be: (a) a light case 25 kilogramme high-explosive; (b) a heavy case 500 kilogramme high-explosive; (c) a 250-kilogramme armour-piercing; (d) an aerial torpedo, wirelessly-controlled and fitted with Handley-Page slots; (e) a shell from a long-range gun; and (f) a "special device" which had taken the wrong turning.

Objective

THE bomb pierced a succession of floors, passing close to somebody who was working in one room, and finally burst, appropriately enough, among the serried water-closets of the ground floor, hurling the quaint but complex wood and porcelain apparatus of civilised excretion right and left and demolishing a vast deal of plumbing, and wrecking (as he has not failed to remark

twice a day ever since) one member's squash racket.

One person was badly hurt, but is now almost well again. The bar had its windows and doors blown in or out, but remained otherwise unshaken. The kitchen was put out of action. The place was scheduled as a dangerous building.

Here I must interpose a serious word of appreciation of the way the staff worked and stuck to their jobs; so that there was not a single day on which the club was entirely shut down. The work of the staff cannot be too highly praised. Almost immediately, improvisations allowed luncheons to be served in another room and now the whole place is open again, with the exception of those parts which were completely destroyed by the explosion.

Hospitality

MEANWHILE the Royal Air Force Club, which is a few doors away along Piccadilly, and the Royal Thames Yacht Club offered full hospitality to members who had been using the Royal Aero Club. This gesture was greatly appreciated. Although I have sampled most of the big clubs in London, I regard the Royal Thames as the best of the lot, with the best premises, the best food, and the most efficient organisation.

Now, at 119, Piccadilly, all is returning to normal. The demolition contractors, the builders and others combined in a prodigious effort to outdo the repairers of Hamm in swiftness. My own impression is that since it has been bombed, the inherent "club-ability" of the Royal Aero Club has been enhanced. I hope that members will now give it the fullest possible support.

The Beaver

AVIATION has never before experienced the impact of a personality so forceful as that of Lord Beaverbrook, the Minister for Aircraft Production. It is natural, therefore, that there should be an occasional upheaval as people try to adjust themselves to the conditions.

But the criticisms in Parliament were often wide of the mark. For instance, an attempt was made to make it appear that Sir Henry Tizard's absence was due to his disapproval of the activities of the Ministry. Actually, Sir Henry himself had said that it was due solely to his health.

Moreover, when he heard that his absence was being used as a lever of criticism, Sir Henry immediately returned, in spite of his not being entirely well again.

No one doubts that the Ministry of Aircraft Production tends to become exceedingly turbulent at times. But in time of war we cannot attend to the finer feelings of anybody. If Lord Beaverbrook can force up production while still maintaining high technical quality—and Sir Archibald Sinclair expressly said that he had done so—the country at large will back him all the way.

In small things I have had a few dealings with the Ministry of Aircraft Production—in inquiries about new aircraft, and so on. And I must say that my impression is that it is the liveliest Ministry of the lot. You can always make contact with someone in authority there, at any time of the day or night. And there is a real desire to help.

Contrast this with the bungling delays of the War Office. It takes the War Office six days to answer the simplest letter. There is absolutely no excuse for that kind of thing now. The Ministry of Aircraft Production sets an example which the other Ministries would do well to note, for the public is in no mood to pass over delays and inefficiency.

Flight Pix

ARTISTS seem to find aeronautical subjects very difficult to treat successfully. In the collection of war subjects commissioned or purchased on the recommendation of the Ministry of Information Artists' Advisory Committee—recently on view at the National Gallery—I could not find many really satisfactory air pictures from the airman's point of view.

I know that art requires something more than accuracy, but one must have a modicum of accuracy in the paintings of aircraft if one is to accept them. This modicum is not often found. But it is found in one artist, and in my opinion his work stands out above all the rest as being superlatively good. I mean Roy Nockolds. His pictures of "Spitfires" going in to attack; of a "Hurricane" turning towards enemy machines; of night fighters preparing at dusk, are superb.

Not being competent to estimate their higher artistic qualities, I can only say that to the airman they bring a genuine thrill. Nothing finer has been seen in air paintings. It is most satisfactory that the Ministry of Information has hit upon this artist's work.



Officers of an R.A.F. Station Somewhere in England

Stuart

Back: P/O. P. M. W. Butler, F/O.s J. G. Geary, C. O. Bartley, W. L. Walker-Howarth, C/O. C. E. Astley, F/O.s L. C. Liddell, J. N. S. Dormer, P/O.s J. Clark-Goldthorpe, E. H. Bodman, F/O.s E. F. Pedley, H. M. Pimm, P/O.s P. G. Weston, R. B. Oliver, C. T. Smith, F/O. M. Buckley, P/O. J. T. Lowe

Middle: Flt.-Lieut. L. M. Gilchrist, F/O. W. H. G. Murphy, Flt.-Lieuts. J. W. Patterson, G. P. Arden, V. H. Weeks, T. Davidson, P. G. Bacon, H. J. D. Arkell, J. K. Watson, B. F. Williams, W. E. Crook, H. P. Johnston, C. E. Channing, A.F.C., F/O. E. G. Walby, P/O. T. Taylor

Front: Flt.-Lieut. G. F. Edgington, Sq. Ldrs. R. M. Dawney, T. J. B. A. MacGowan, the Rev. J. H. W. Haswell, A. J. T. Hutley, E. R. Evans, Wing-Com. B. G. Drake, F. E. Johnson, Group Capt. C. H. Ellen, D.F.C., the C.O., Wing-Com. J. R. D. Goadsey, Sq. Ldr. H. H. Chapman, Flt.-Lieut. J. C. Hosborn, Sq. Ldr. A. T. R. Bradshaw, Flt.-Lieut. F. T. Parker, M.B.E., the Adjutant, Sq. Ldrs. the Rev. J. P. Peace, A. R. Ross-Murphy

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

The Hunt "Spitfire" Fund

LADY FITZWILLIAM, who started this fund a short time ago, is to be congratulated upon having raised just over £4000 by subscription from 27 packs of hounds in the British Isles. As there are 199 foxhound packs in England, Wales and Scotland, 18 packs of harriers and 8 packs of staghounds, this total, I take it, may be increased, in spite of the difficulty of the times and the fact that all Hunts have been very hard hit. This is how things have gone so far:

Bramham, £120; Cambridgeshire, £32 4s. 9d.; Cheshire, North, £78; Cleveland, £25; Cottesmore, £700 (first instalment); Cotswold, North, £212; Craven, £61 6s.; Devon, East, £16; Dumfriesshire, £10; Dumfriesshire Otterhounds, £10; Ecclesfield Beagles, £6 1s. 1d.; Fitzwilliam, £264 3s.; Gogerddan, £5; Lartington Harriers, £50; Mendip, £2; Oakley, £3 3s.; Puckeridge, £3; Sinnington, £33 7s.; Southwold, £10; Staffordshire, North, £34 3s.; Stevenstone, £41 14s.; Taunton Vale, £59 10s.; Vine, £5; Warwickshire, £315 2s. 6d.; Warwickshire Pony Club, Area 1, £41; Zetland, £225 11s. 6d.

The rest of the money has been subscribed by the country which was hunted by Lord Fitzwilliam's Wentworth Hounds; private subscriptions, collecting - boxes, collections by schoolchildren; Newton and Chambers, Ltd., Lord Fitzwilliam's Elsecar and Stubbin Collieries and South Yorkshire Chemical Works. If any other Hunts are thinking of subscribing, it would be grand

if they would do so very speedily. As this type of "The Chase" is in full swing, Lady Fitzwilliam is anxious that the young entry should join the main body of the Pack as soon as possible. She is most grateful to all those who have subscribed, and who thought the idea a good one.

The Hound Problem

THE main trouble, as I read it, where the future of fox-hunting is concerned, is how to avert the extinction of the foxhound. If we can tide over this war period sufficiently well to keep a nucleus of the best hound blood, then there is no particular reason why the revival after the war should not be fairly rapid. You get your results far more quickly hound-breeding than you do horse-breeding, and are able to tell how you are doing much sooner: but, naturally, you must have the right material.

Lord Dorchester, himself an ex-Master, is not so sure that line-breeding is so vital as most people think it is. He has postulated that if it were possible for Brocklesby Rallywood (1842) to start a strain, why cannot another Rallywood start one to-day, and contends that the Championship at Peterborough should only go to an entered hound who has shown his worth in the field, and that a hound who only looks like his job should not be considered.

With much of this so many of us agree, and I have no doubt many a Master will think of a much advertised hound who



Opening a War Weapons Week

After Field-Marshal Lord Birdwood officially opened the Shaftesbury War Weapons Week he watched the parade of various units, in company with the Lord Mayor, Councillor R. Pearson, and members of the Town Council. Lord Birdwood is the only officer in the Australian Imperial Forces holding the rank of Field-Marshal

was "too valuable to be taken out hunting," and, incidentally, was not much use when he was, because, apparently, he had lost any nose he may have had for an unadulterated fox!

Blue Blood Vindicated

BUT on the other side, how about that real foxhound, Brocklesby Aimwell (1924), a great bound in the field, and also a great sire? He had 238 lines back to Rallywood. Lord Bathurst's Trouncer (1923), another real foxhound in the field, and not only good to look at on the flags, had 261 lines back to Rallywood and founded what the noble Master called his T.R. dynasty; not a bad hound amongst them. And there are countless other hounds that could be cited, notable amongst them that Quorn dog, Safeguard, who was by Cheshire Dexter and who did so much towards resuscitating the Quorn after the last war.

It cannot, therefore, be successfully contended that we can disregard blue blood or that a great sire does not pass on his qualities. It happens far oftener where hounds are concerned than it does in the case of humans! "The bitch from the Belvoir, the dog from the Quorn, the pick of the litter our puppy was born," is not just an empty saying. As to the matter of horse-supply after the war, has anyone ever met a man, who has let slip an unguarded remark about wanting to buy one, not being at once the centre of a seething horde anxious to sell him enough to mount a whole cavalry division?

Pathan v. Gurkha

AN old friend, a Piffer officer, sends me an interesting note about the respective merits of the Piffer troops and the



Engagement of Miss Sybil Cavendish

The youngest daughter of Lord Richard and Lady Moyra Cavendish, Miss Sybil Cavendish is engaged to the Rev. Lawrence Gregson Fell Dykes, Vicar of Cartmel, Lancashire. Her future husband was appointed Vicar last year. Her father is an uncle of the Duke of Devonshire, and her mother a daughter of the tenth Duke of St. Albans. Miss Cavendish was photographed riding in the grounds of her home, Holker Hall, Cark-in-Cartmel, Lancashire. She has one brother and three sisters



Covered Court Tennis Exhibition Matches: Four Service Players—

Captain R. K. Tinkler, Flt. Lieut. Camille E. Malfroy, Pilot Officer Dan Maskell, coach to the All-England Club at Wimbledon, and Sergeant Eric J. Filby were some of the well-known personalities in the tennis world who took part in the Covered Court Exhibition Matches given at an R.A.F. hospital somewhere in England. The public was admitted and a collection was made for the Patients' Comforts Fund. To improve the standard of the game; and to give young players a chance of meeting on a par Americans of the same age, some of these players are to give lectures and exhibition matches at schools and colleges



—And Two Well-Known Ladies

Miss Jean Nicoll and Mrs. Michael Menzies (formerly Miss Kay Stammers) were two more who gave their services—in more senses of the word than one—at this event. They played a ladies' double against Miss Joan Curry and Miss Sheila Norris. They will also take part in the demonstrations at schools

Gurkhas at tackling a hill in the course of the mountain fighting at which they are both so excellent. This is induced by a short mention in these pages of the good performance of some of the regiments from the Punjab in their operations in that mountainous region, Eritrea, and is of special interest vis-à-vis the attack on Keren. Here is my friend's letter:

I've not *The Tatler* by me, but as an old Piffer may I point out that the Gurkha has no equal in coming down a hill, but against a long-legged Pathan or Punjabi Mahomedan from the Salt Range he is an "also-ran" uphill. Chitralis and Kafirs can beat them all. The annual race held in Chitral nearly always proved this, and an amazing race it was. The year I was there a Kafir who had walked casually into Kila Drosh, the garrison town of Chitral, some twelve to fifteen miles that morning, was persuaded to make a post entry; 1500 ft. straight up and then along a craggy, thorny ridge, and then down a foul, rocky hill, was the course, laid out by the 2/2nd Gurkhas. In twenty-one minutes and barefoot, bleeding all over his feet, he came in by a distance. He didn't know how to count his 150-rupee prize, but went off—non-stop—calculating, no doubt, the local rate of exchange in wives and cattle. *Eheu fugaces!*

My correspondent points out that "Din! Din!", the age-old battle-cry of the Mahomedan, literally translated means "The Faith! The Faith!" It is very blood-curdling, anyway, and usually bodes no good to their opponents when the Ghazi swordsmen are on the bust!

A Jumping Hero

THE real champion of the back-end of the N.H. season is Mr. 'Brose Clark's The Uplifter who won his last three engagements straight off the reel—Taunton, March 13th; Cheltenham, March 20th; Ludlow, March 22nd—good work! I made "that" bold as to recommend him for Cheltenham where probably Agleam might

have beaten him. The Uplifter is an ex-winner of the Molyneux 'Chase at Aintree and is really useful. The owner and his wife are particularly well known in Leicestershire, and are just as particularly well liked. Mrs. 'Brose owned that good horse, 'Kellsboro' Jack, who won the National in 1933, the year when Golden

Miller's failure left so many people the poorer. "The Miller" won in the following year, ridden by Gerry Wilson. So far as I remember, and speaking without having the book of the words beside me, Mrs. 'Brose did not ask Kellsboro' Jack to run again, and let him rest upon his well-won laurels.

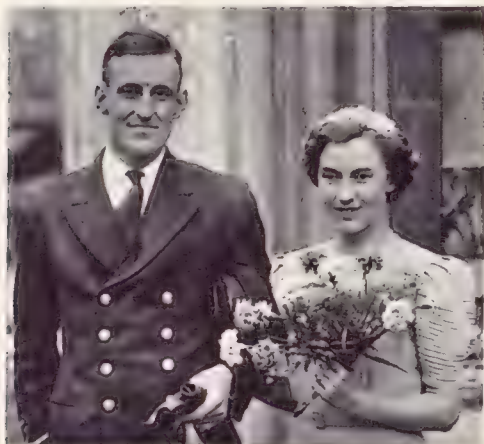


Meet of the West Surrey and Horsell Beagles

The Talbot Hotel, Ripley, was the rendezvous of the West Surrey and Horsell Beagles one day lately. The huntsmen and whips are setting out after the meet. They are Mr. Dykes, Whip (on outside), W. Mawson, Kennel Huntsman (wearing cap), C. P. Bigg, Huntsman (without cap), and Mr. Gale, Whip. This pack was established in 1882 by Mr. Rhodes Cobb, in whose day the kennels were at Surbiton Hill. Now they are at Dog Kennel Green, Ranmore, near Dorking

Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review
of Weddings and Engagements



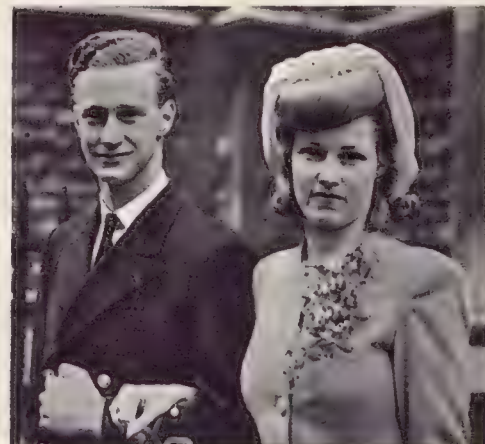
Cobbe — Cobbe

Sub-Lt. Francis Charles Cobbe, R.N.V.R., son of the late Thomas Cobbe, of Newbridge, Co. Dublin, and Mrs. Corbally, of Malahide, Co. Dublin, and Joan Mervyn Cobbe, daughter of the late Captain Mervyn Cobbe, R.N., and Mrs. Cobbe, of Swarraton, Fleet, Hants., were married at Elvetham Church. The bride is a Company Assistant in the A.T.S.



Richards — Hollins

Captain David Richards, Royal Sussex Regiment, son of the late Rev. T. H. Richards, C.F., and Mrs. Richards, of 374, Woodstock Road, Oxford, and Rosemary Beatrice Hollins, elder daughter of Captain and Mrs. Allatt Hollins, of Sandhurst Lodge, Little Common, Sussex, were married at St. Mark's, Little Common



Howard — Horsman

Sub-Lieut. Ronald Cecil Howard, R.N.V.R., son of Leslie Howard, the actor, and Mrs. Howard, of Westcott, near Dorking, Surrey, and Patricia Mary (Trish) Horsman, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Horsman, of Sutton, Surrey, were married at St. James's, Spanish Place



Goode — Lucie-Smith

A wedding which took place at Nairobi, Kenya, was that of Captain George Henry Goode, Queen's Royal Regt, son of Sir Richard and Lady Goode, of Montreux, Queen Victoria Street, Cape Town, and Theodora Lucie-Smith, daughter of Mr. Justice and Mrs. Lucie-Smith, and granddaughter of Sir Alfred Lucie-Smith, former Chief Justice of Trinidad



Warrington — Clegg

Wing-Com. George Ninian Warrington, R.A.F., and Quenelda Clegg were married at Pulverbatch, near Shrewsbury, where Miss Clegg has been working in the Land Army. She is the daughter of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. H. N. M. Clegg, of Melbourne, Australia, formerly of Plas Llanfair, Anglesey



Scrutton — Greeves

Sec.-Lieut. Thomas Hugh Scrutton, the Green Howards, and Helen Sarah Greeves, daughter of R. Affleck Greeves, F.R.C.S., and Mrs. Greeves, of 23, Wimpole Street, W.1, were married at St. Peter's, Vere Street. He is the son of the Rev. T. B. and Mrs. Scrutton, of Kingston Vicarage, Kingston-upon-Thames



Morley — Booth

Sec.-Lt. John A. E. Morley, the Nigeria Regt., and Patricia Booth, daughter of Professor V. G. Booth, of the Royal Academy of Music, and Mrs. Booth, of 48, Clifton Hill, N.W.8, were married at All Souls', St. John's Wood. He is the son of the Rev. J. A. and Mrs. Morley, of Ston Easton, Somerset



Krediet — Manson

A wedding of Anglo-Dutch interest was that of Lieut.-Com. K. Krediet, Royal Netherlands Navy, and Mrs. Wendy Manson. They were married at Caxton Hall register office. His home was formerly at The Hague

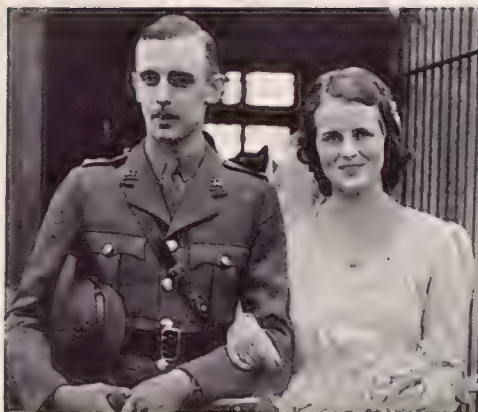


Johnston — Comery

John Turner Johnston, son of W. T. Johnston, of Fulbar, Newlands, Glasgow, and Doris Margaret Comery, daughter of F. C. Comery, of Glasgow, were married at South Shawlands Church, Glasgow

**Graham — Thomson**

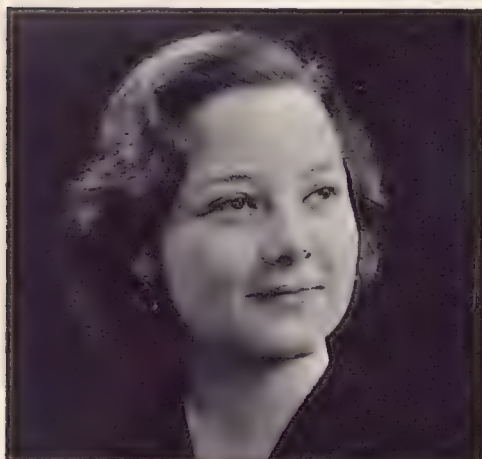
Flying-Officer John Graham, R.A.F.V.R., son of the late Capt. Alexander Graham, and Mrs. Graham, of West Ferry, Angus, and Norah Marion Thomson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Albert Thomson, of the Old Lodge, Wimbledon Common, S.W., were married at Chelsea Old Church

**Dyer — Wentworth Fitzwilliam**

Sec.-Lt. George Charles G. Dyer, son of Colonel and Mrs. George Dyer, of the Corner House, Worplesdon, Surrey, and Rosemary Anne Wentworth Fitzwilliam, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Wentworth Fitzwilliam, of Little Hilliers, Stopham, Sussex, were married at Parham Parish Church

**Carey — Lorimer Smith**

Lieut. Bruce Thomson Carey, R.N.V.R., and Meta Lorimer Smith were married at St. Peter's, Peterculter, Aberdeenshire. His home is in Northern Ireland—Knockdene Park, Co. Down—and hers is Invermay, Culler, Aberdeenshire

**Sibyl Doyne-Ditmas**

Sibyl Doyne-Ditmas is the youngest daughter of Major and Mrs. Doyne-Ditmas, of Cloen House, Kempston, Bedford. She has announced her engagement to Sec.-Lieut. Donald Eales-White, Royal Scots Fusiliers

**Edmund Harrington****Angela Russi**

Angela Mary Oriana, daughter of Captain F. Russi, M.C., and Mrs. Russi, of Bourne Place, Holyport, Berks., is engaged to Sec.-Lt. John M. H. Pollen, R.A., son of Lt.-Com. Pollen, R.N., and Mrs. Pollen, of By Scarlets Wood, Hare Hatch, Berks.

**Joan Ross**

Joan Napier Ross, daughter of Captain H. M. and Mrs. Ross, of Redcot, Limpsfield, Surrey, is engaged to Captain Donald McGillivray Clark, Seaforth Highlanders of Canada, son of Brig.-General J. A. Clark, C.M.G., D.S.O., and Mrs. Clark, of Vancouver, British Columbia

**Pearl Freeman****Jane Lamert**

Jane Lamert, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Lamert, of Horleigh Green, Five Ashes, Sussex, is engaged to Sec.-Lieut. Patrick Carless Davis, R.A., eldest son of the late W. H. Carless Davis, Regius Professor of History at Oxford, and Mrs. Davis, of 38, Park Town, Oxford

**Lenare****Nancy Berridge**

Anne Thomson (Nancy) Berridge is engaged to Roger Soames Jenyns, elder son of the late R. B. Jenyns, and Mrs. Jenyns, of Boltisham Hall, Cambridgeshire. Her parents are Mr. and Mrs. Richard Berridge, of Screebe, Co. Galway, and 46, Chester Square, S.W.1

**Bassano****Jane Meade-Waldo**

Jane Margaret Adria Meade-Waldo, elder daughter of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. E. R. Meade-Waldo, of Stonewall Park, Chiddingstone, Kent, has announced her engagement to Edward Jelf Bickersteth, Sudan Defence Force, elder son of the Rev. E. M. Bickersteth, of Chiddingstone Rectory, Kent, and the late Mrs. Bickersteth

(Concluded on page 32)

Women's Golf

By Eleanor E. Helme

WARTIME has its compensations, even when they are only to be found by the closing of one eye. For example, at this minute the closed eye must be applied to the fact that, if this were peacetime, my journey home through Hampshire lanes in my own car would take one hour against two in this bus, and I could type my article at home. Although a typewriter might have been added to the bits and pieces hung on to the car: well I remember typing furiously whilst being driven in a speedy Alvis belonging to Miss Madge Boosey, of Kent, as she then was, back from an open meeting at Cooden Beach. And Miss Doris Willes-Little, the Devon left-hander, and Miss Nance Paul have driven me so gently that not a comma went astray.

But on this occasion my fellow-passengers—a solemn small boy with his head tied up in a scarf, a fat countryman whose wife strives after gentility in a fur coat that in a former existence was surely a doormat, a burly soldier somewhat incommoded by his rifle, and two smart misses bravely making do with last year's hats—might be pained if I were to type.

ALL this you say, has little enough to do with golf. But it was of the very essence of golfing life as lived in a perpetual rush from one corner of England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales to the other. We learnt the geography of the United Kingdom, which undoubtedly has its value, and we learnt still more how to cram two days' doings into one day's hours. That may be undesirable in peace, but is a prime virtue in war.

Some folk used to question the wisdom of Miss Irene Doxford, who became a legend

for playing in a Chislehurst medal in the morning, and a Sundridge one (or a county match) in the afternoon. Later it was a county match on the Sussex coast and an appointment to massage poor pensioners near London that had to share the latter half of one day. We laughed or questioned then: now we may well wish we had half Miss Doxford's capacity for filling the twenty-four hours with skilled service, and yet finding time left to raise funds for the Golfers' Spitfire from her Kentish clubs.

MRS. CRITCHLEY was another who covered a vast amount of ground, so it is all in keeping that wartime for her should have meant a trip across the Atlantic and back again. The eighteen-months-old Glenna, whose safety was the object of the trip, is already a travelled lady who has seen Canada as well as the U.S.A.; now she has been left at Miami, and her mother is back with the Air Commodore somewhere in England. Theirs is the same station as the John Morrisons', so that some battles royal can well be staged to keep in training for the first post-war Worpleston. Who would win is a pleasant, idle speculation.

My other speculation of the moment is how the young women golfers will react to their mobilisation for industry. The majority, to be sure, are hard at something or other, but not all by any means can be full-timers. The nineteen-year-olds, whose great preoccupation would normally be their chance of playing for their county or country, or the attaining of a buff-coloured handicap certificate, with all its entries in red ink, and who thought hon. secretaryship of a club or attendance at a county committee the height of service—how will these take to eight hours at a bench or on some other form of essential work?

Probably, mighty well, once the initial plunge is over, and they will store up a capacity for enjoying their golf after the war, and for being of solid use to the golfing world by their practice in hard work, which will make them highly useful members of the community.

THE converse is true. Those who have worked in any way, as hon. secretaries, as captains, as handicap managers, have their reward at this minute in a greater orderliness of mind, ability to concentrate, some idea of the inestimable value of tact in managing, selecting, or even plain working with a collection of strangers.



Cadet Wemyss and Captain Booth-Mason, who were both boy Internationals, were partners in the Branksome Tower Hotel open golf meeting, played at Parkstone, Dorset, and won prizes for the best scratch score for thirty-six holes. Miss Diana Tory presented the prizes. Next but one to her is Lieut. Vernon Haydon, R.N.V.R.

Miss Enid Wilson is finding a business training a real help to her as a W.A.A.F., particularly now that she has progressed to officer rank. She is stationed now in Norfolk.

Another speculation: what new associations will be forthcoming after the war? A W.A.A.F. one would take some stopping with Miss Wilson, and Miss Pam Barton as a start. Waafs, Afs, Wrens in their own right, Civil Servants and all the rest of them—a field day will indeed be a field day when that day comes!

The Golf Coupon from any one issue of THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER during the current month must accompany any entry for THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER Monthly Spoon Competition. The Hon. Secretary of the Club must sign the card and certify the scratch score of the course. Cards to be addressed to the Golf Editor of THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER, Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1, to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.

GOLFERS' SPITFIRE FUND CLOSES MAY 1st

Donations to Miss Helme here. No deduction for expenses. 90% to purchase of Spitfire, 10% to R.A.F. Benevolent Fund. Acknowledgments only in *Fairway and Hazard*.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

"THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON
APRIL

Name { Mrs.
Miss

Address
.....

Getting Married (Continued)



Mrs. J. W. B. Douglas

Jane Antonia Unity Morse, only daughter of Capt. Anthony Morse, R.N., and Mrs. Morse, of Chute Collis, near Andover, was married at St. Peter's-in-the-East, Oxford, to Dr. James W. B. Douglas, son of the Rev. J. F. and Mrs. Douglas, of Sheering Rectory, near Bishop's Stortford. Her father is at sea; her brother, Sub-Lieut. C. A. L. Morse, R.N., was killed in the Battle of the Plate



Mrs. W. J. Mainprice

June Lake Lake was married at Salehurst Parish Church to Lieut. William James Mainprice, R.N., second son of the late Rev. W. H. B. Mainprice, and Mrs. Mainprice, of 4, Dorset Road, Bexhill-on-Sea, and grandson of Mrs. Andrews, of Salehurst Manor, Sussex. She is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Lake Lake, of Hedglands, Hurst Green, Sussex



Mrs. Ivan Zvegintzov

Rosemary Haslam, daughter of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. L. C. Haslam, of Rystead House, Chiddingfold, Surrey, was married last month in London to Ivan Zvegintzov, County of London Yeomanry. He is the younger son of Colonel and Mrs. D. I. Zvegintzov; his father was formerly in the Chevalier Guard, and his mother was Princess Marie Obolensky



Chesro Model
H A 6 in
'Tootal' Linen



Chesro
Model
H A 156 in
'Lystav'

Chesro Model H A 205 in 'Tobralco'

Chesro Frocks

Trade Mark

IN TOOTAL FABRICS

Regd

33

Now that we all make our clothes last longer, cut and materials are more important than ever. Choose a frock from the Chesro range, and you will have one immaculately cut and finished — a frock that will always keep its looks. All Chesro Models are made in Tootal Guaranteed Fabrics. Whether in rayon, a rayon and wool blend, linen, or cotton they will give splendid service, for Tootal Fabrics are the very best of their kind.

Write for the Chesro Catalogue, with list of nearest Chesro retailers.
CHESRO LTD. (Dept. 10dA), 90 Gt. Bridgewater St., MANCHESTER 1

Bubble and Squeak

Stories From Everywhere

THIS story is told by "Critic" in the *New Statesman*.

A German aeroplane had been brought down whole in the area. It was decided to display it in aid of the "Spitfire" Fund. A canvas awning was placed round it.

On the morning of the day when the exhibition was to be opened, two workmen decided to have a free view and crept under the canvas. A foreman saw them come out and asked what they were doing.

"Oh," they said, "having a pre-view, as it were."

They went on to say that it was an excellent show. They particularly liked the large bomb so realistically placed by the Messerschmitt.

"What are you talking about?" asked the foreman. "There's no bomb. You're seeing things."

The men stuck to their point, until the foreman investigated.

There was a bomb. It had fallen during the night and lay, unexploded, by the plane.

A MAN who had lost his job soon after war began went to see a friend who had obtained a post in a much-criticised Ministry. His friend was sympathetic and said: "I think I can fix you up with a job here."

The job-seeker was taken along the corridor and installed in a comfortable office. His friend left him with these words: "Now, don't be surprised at our way of doing things. You'll soon get used to it."

The man settled down in his office, read his newspaper from front to back, and solved the cross-word puzzle. Then it was time to go home. The same thing happened each day that week.

On Monday of the second week he met his friend, who asked him how he liked the job.

"Fine," he replied. "The office is cosy and warm. I'm quite comfortable, but I don't think they trust me here. Every time I set foot outside the place I'm followed by two young men. They even shadow me when I go to lunch. Am I under suspicion?"

"Not at all," replied his friend. "Those fellows are your secretaries!"

MUSSOLINI went for a trip with the Italian Fleet. Presently they sighted what appeared to be a British ship, and the whole fleet rapidly turned tail, put up a smoke-screen and raced for home.

They were still speeding along when the admiral approached Mussolini and said: "It's all right, sir. It was only a mirage."

"All the same, keep going!" cried the Duce. "Those Miragians are a treacherous crowd!"

THEY had recently acquired a dog, and were proudly demonstrating his good points to a visitor.

"Mind you," said the man of the house, "I know he's not what you would call a thoroughbred, but no tramp or burglar can come near the house without his letting us know about it."

"What does he do?" asked the visitor. "Bark the place down?"

"Well, no—he crawls under the sofa."

As a birthday gift, Jones had the idea of opening an account for his wife at a bank. Shortly afterwards, the bank manager met him and told him to tell his wife that her account was overdrawn.

Jones mentioned the matter to his better half, who heard the information with a casual "Oh, is it?"

Next morning the bank manager received a communication from Mrs. Jones. When he opened the envelope he found a large sheet of paper, on which was written one word—"Sneak!"

How did poor old Jim die?" " 'E fell through some scaffolding." "What ever was 'e doing up there?" "Being 'anged."



"Sporting table, eh? That's where the incendiary fell. . . ."



"Is this bun fortified?"

ONE from the United States: It was a beautiful afternoon in Central Park. An elderly gentleman with a very kindly face sat upon a bench and gazed benevolently upon the world. Very soon a tramp strolled up to the bench, took a good look at the old man and sat down beside him.

"Say, mister," said the tramp, "I ain't the kind of guy that likes to bother people with me troubles. But you got such a nice face that I just can't help meself."

I'm the most miserable guy in the whole world."

"So, my good man?" replied the elderly gentleman. "I am indeed sorry to hear that. What is the cause of all your unhappiness?"

The ragged one coughed. He was definitely encouraged.

"Mister," he said, "I ain't eaten a square meal in four days. And, what's more, me wife and kids is in the same boat. We're all starvin'." The look of genuine pity in the old man's eyes spurred him on. "And that ain't all. Gotta have me rent money by to-night—or we'll all get tossed out in the gutter."

Tears welled in the old gentleman's eyes.

"Ah!" he sighed. "You are indeed most unfortunate. But you are lucky in one respect. You are talking to the right man. I'm sure I can help you a little—make you feel a little better."

Visions of a healthy donation made the tramp's eyes brighten.

"Gee, mister!" he said eagerly. "Thanks a lot. But how are you goin' to help me?"

The tears actually streamed down the old man's face.

"I can help you, my friend," he cried, "by telling you that I am in exactly the same predicament. And not only that, but I've got a terrible toothache besides!"



*If you're Petite . . . If you're Smart
If you're Both . . . you will wear a*
MARSHALL & SNELGROVE SMALL SIZE

Well tailored small woman's Coat in border spun.
Multi-colour checks. In Marshall & Snelgrove's
specialized sizes 8½ Gns.

WRITE FOR OUR SPRING CATALOGUE

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE
OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.1.

SERVICE DEPARTMENTS: Restaurant, Salad Bar, and Ladies' Hairdressing
ALL AS USUAL

THE
POPULAR



"Odd"
TAILORED
JACKET

Entirely exclusive to Debenham & Freebody

A delightful version of this popular garment
for wearing over the wool dress, and odd
skirts, this jacket is perfectly tailored in
softest Angora. In many attractive shades;
please give second choice of colour when
ordering. Lined throughout.

Three sizes **89'6**

Debenham & Freebody

LANgham 4444 WIGMORE STREET, LONDON, W.1 (Debenhams Ltd.)

THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION

By M. E. Brooke



Something of a totally "different" character is pictured on the left; it also comes from Debenham and Freebody. It is of crêpe in a soft green shade, enriched with embroidery. The Kangaroo pockets strike a new note, while the cross-over effect at the neck is a conceit to be noted. Again, the skirt is endowed with the "forward" movement which during the last few weeks has been welcomed. Here are likewise to be seen tailored dressing-gowns in a variety of materials endowed with crease-resisting properties. Little frocks of gaily coloured crêpe de Chine again have their roles to play. Many of the Shelter suits are severe and well made, so that they last a long time. There is no doubt about it that there is a demand for good clothes, women preferring to have one useful outfit rather than two or three which soon have to be discarded. Fur coats are regarded as a good investment, as well as fur-lined ones. Flat pelts including ocelot, pony skin and hair seal are on the crest of the wave

Fashion in the broadest sense of the word is always influenced by national events, especially wars. This is particularly noticeable today, when all elaboration is banished from dresses and accessories, utility and simplicity being of far greater importance than decoration and fine needle-craft. For instance, small pochettes, with their wealth of detail, have passed away, and stout leather bags have taken their place. These are frequently reinforced with a lock and key, with space for gas masks and passports as well as other necessities. On the right is a house frock, an "off-duty" affair for the evening. Among its many advantages is that it can be slipped on in a fraction of a second. The material belongs to the taffeta family, and is a study in wine and turquoise. It may be seen at Debenham and Freebody's, Wigmore Street. It has high shoulders, and as it is shaped at the waist it is as flattering with as without a sash





Spring, PRINGLE and You

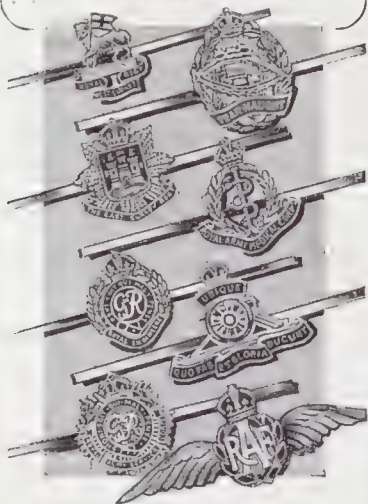
Enter Spring —
devastatingly feminine —
a season when, in
spite of all, clothes
mean so much to you.
A Pringle Cashmere or
Angora, delightfully
soft and wearable
and perfectly keyed to the
present fashion for quiet
distinction, will spell
enchantment this Spring —
and throughout the Summer
Obtainable at all the leading Stores.



ROBERT PRINGLE & SON LIMITED HAWICK SCOTLAND
LONDON SHOWROOMS:—136 REGENT STREET W.I. TELEPHONE 3775-6-7 REGENT LONDON

Badge Brooches

The **LARGEST STOCK**
and **FINEST BADGES**
in **LONDON!**

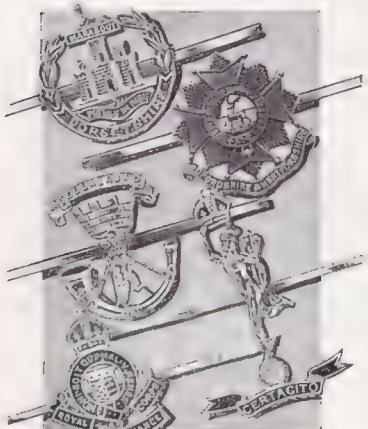


All Corps and most Regimental
badges, as above, in 9 ct. Gold,
hand-enamelled - **37/6**

Diamond-Set Brooches



Set in Platinum and Gold, hand-
enamelled. Any design made to order.
Coloured Sketches and estimates free.



Any English Regimental
badge, as above, in 9 ct. Gold,
hand-enamelled - **57/6**

Also in 14 ct. Gold, hand-enamelled
£3-17-6. Some Scottish and Welsh
badges are a little more expensive.

All Leading Regiments
are shown in our new **BADGE
BROOCH LIST**, with full-colour
illustrations. Please send for a copy
of this interesting publication to

**CHARLES
PACKER**

76-78 Regent Street, London, W. 1

Hours of Business 9-6.30
Saturday 9-1

J. Roussel LTD.



SAVING GRACE!

The Roussel Belt that you feel you couldn't do without is now a double treasure. For a new one is going to be harder to get. But we can help you make your present Roussel Belt serve a long while yet. Bring it or post it to your nearest Roussel shop and let us give you the good news about our *Wartime Service*. This is going to spell a very happy economy for you!

J. ROUSSEL LTD. 177 Regent St., London, W. 1 Reg. 7570

EDINBURGH HOUSE FAMED FOR GENUINE SCOTCH TWEEDS AND HOMESPUNS

Tweeds and Homespuns made in Scotland are universally favoured for sports and outdoor wear, because of their attractive designs and colourings, and their superb wearing qualities.

WE CARRY AN
EXTENSIVE
RANGE.

Man-tailored into
coats, suits, skirts, or
sold by the yard. Any
length cut.

Patterns sent on request.

LADIES' HARRIS
COATS from

£7. 7/-

**PURCHASE TAX ONLY
ON NEW GOODS**



SWEATERS & TWEED SKIRTS

A Sweater and Tweed Skirt is a smart and popular combination. The illustration shows a Shetland Twin Set which with a Tweed Skirt makes a charming and very serviceable addition to my lady's wardrobe.

SWEATER, 23/6 CARDIGAN, 32/6

Romanes & Paterson
62 PRINCES STREET
EDINBURGH
ALSO AT 581 BOYLSTON STREET, BOSTON, MASS. U.S.A.



corot
is a
godsend
in
wartime

just when you want new things—
—and, like all of us, have no money to pay for them—that's when corot comes in useful.

come to the show-rooms and see the collection of spring and summer models (of which this is only one example), all at easy prices, with plenty of time to pay by instalments.

or write for our catalogue and order by post. we're very good at this—we've done it most successfully for 12 years!

corot

33 old bond street, london, w. 1
(ref. t.6) regent 0234

please send catalogue and details of instalments

name.....
address.....



MIRROR. MIRROR.
TELL ME TRUE

Tell me, mirror, must I grow old? I used to be so proud of my skin. But now—days I've so little time!... It isn't time you need for a beautiful skin. It's proper treatment! (says the face in the mirror). First, you want CRÈME SIMON—the different skin-food, used in a different way while the skin is damp. It keeps the tissues young and supple. Then CRÈME SIMON M.A.T.—the different foundation cream, which prevents shine and grease forming...

CRÈME SIMON Tubes 1/6 & 6d. plus tax.
Jars 3/9, 2/3 & 1/3 plus tax.
CRÈME SIMON Tubes 1/6 & 6d. plus tax.
M.A.T. Jars 2/3, 1/3 & 6d. plus tax.

CRÈME SIMON

YOUR MIRROR WILL TELL YOU—
Crème Simon care makes all the difference.

Make them happy!

Children love new clothes and hate to feel shabbier than their playmates. Here are two examples from our varied selection in the bairns shop. Of excellent quality and yet extremely economical. Post orders receive special care.



Delightful matching smocked sets for the "Pigeon Pair" in rayon spun, excellent for washing, in sky or tussore. For the boy, sizes 14 or 16 in. 21'9. For the girl, sizes 16 or 18 in. 21'9. In sky, tussore or peach.

**DICKINS &
JONES LTD.**

REGENT STREET, W.1

Telephone: REGent 7070

TEMPLETON'S "AYR" WOOLS

To knitters

We wish to intimate that every effort is being made to distribute our ration of Knitting Wools fairly over all districts, but on account of the shortage of supplies, it may not always be possible for you to obtain the particular shade or quality required.

We are, however, still endeavouring to supply our stockists with the following qualities:—

"MYSTIC" FANCY YARN
"OPALSHEEN" KNITTING WOOL
"PICOTEE" FINGERING
SUPER BABY WOOL
BOTANY/FIBRO FINGERING, 4-ply

In Service Shades only . . .
Super Double Knitting, lightweight
Botany/Fibro Double Knitting



JAMES TEMPLETON & SON, LTD.
Worsted Spinners • Ayr • SCOTLAND

Springtime Elegance

This neat little suit from Finnigans Tailoring department is just right for Spring and early Summer wear. Good looking and intensely practical . . . distingué but unobtrusive. All accessories from shoes to hat also available.

The suit tailored to measure in our own workrooms costs . . .

15 GNS



Finnigans

and a handbag-of course!

THE IMPORTANCE OF A HANDBAG . . .

The well dressed woman knows what an important part the handbag plays in the really smart ensemble. Our handbag department is always well worth a visit. There you will find just the bag to go with your coat, suit or dress. The bag illustrated is priced from 35s. 6d.



FINNIGANS LTD

LONDON: 17-20 New Bond St. W.1. MANCHESTER: 123 Deansgate. 3



THE CARRIAGE AWAITS

A handsome, well sprung Dunkley model for the new baby who, very naturally, expects nothing but the best. *Prices from 10 guineas.*
In navy, black, beige.

Dalys

LAYETTES A
SPECIALITY

DALY & SONS LTD. SAUCHIEHALL STREET, GLASGOW, C.2

The Gleneagles COSTUME FOR GIRLS

This attractive costume comprises Clan Tartan Kilty Skirt and diced or plain jersey with tie and diced or plain stockings to match. It is a much-favoured dress for school. Prices for complete costumes :-

2½ years	£2	14	11
3	"	"	"	£2	16	2
4	"	"	"	£2	18	11
5	"	"	"	£2	19	11
6	"	"	"	£3	3	5
7	"	"	"	£3	7	3
8	"	"	"	£3	11	5
9	"	"	"	£3	13	11
10	"	"	"	£3	17	10

Paisley LTD.
72-96 Jamaica Street
2-12 Broomielaw
(Broomielaw Corner),
Glasgow, C.1

Telephones :
Central 5087/88/89

Telegrams :
"Outfitter, Glasgow"

HIGHLAND catalogue in Full Colour
describing all Highland Dress styles for
Adults and Children. Post Free on request.

Headquarters for Highland Dress



Known for 25 years as SPETON

Regd.
TRADE MARK

GYNOMIN
ANTISEPTIC TABLETS

Pronounced
GUY-NO-MIN

Endorsed by Medical Profession

British made and British owned exclusively by Coates & Cooper Ltd., 94 Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1.
Free on request in plain sealed envelope, Brochure T.4.
—"Planned Parenthood."

OF ALL LEADING CHEMISTS

Bernella
REGD.
BLOUSES

of the BETTER kind

J. COWEN & CO. LTD. 1. BERNERS STREET. W.1. (Wholesale Only)



STATE EXPRESS 555



EXPORT PACKING

Smokers who desire the best cigarettes naturally ask for STATE EXPRESS 555. This well-merited confidence is due to the perfection of quality which has been maintained by the manufacturers of STATE EXPRESS 555 cigarettes for over half a century.

*For those who
appreciate the
finer things of life*



HATS BY Battersby LONDON

RIDE AND KEEP FIT

THE BEST WARTIME SERVICE IS TO KEEP IN GOOD HEALTH. RIDING IS THE FINEST EXERCISE FOR FITNESS.

All Riding Requisites—good value and low charges.

To Measure

Jodhpurs 34"-to 75"
Breeches 30"-to 65"
Jackets 63"-to 126"

Ready to Wear

Jodhpurs 45"- & 55"
Breeches 40"- & 50"
Jackets 55"-to 87"

Children's Riding Outfits—a speciality

Goods sent on approval against suitable references

During the War—Address for Post Orders and patterns: Cromwell House (Dept. 30), Sutton Road, Watford, Hertfordshire

Bedford Riding Breeches & Co.
19 NEW QUEBEC STREET
MARBLE ARCH—LONDON

Two minutes from the Marble Arch

WANTED FURS & FUR COATS

Highest Prices Paid
SEND TO-DAY

We refund carriage and make offer per return

CHILD, 32 Hill Street, Birmingham
Est. 45 years Bankers: Lloyds

IF THERE IS NO SAFER PLACE THAN

CHUBB SAFES

IF THERE IS NO SAFER PLACE THAN

THE FRIEND THAT NEVER FAILS

Friend of the penniless, the young, the old, the sick, the friendless, the fatherless... The friend quietly waiting everywhere to help and cheer the unfortunate... The Salvation Army. Please remember the work it is doing—and help!

Gifts and Inquiries welcomed by
GENERAL GEORGE L. CARPENTER
101 Queen Victoria St., London, E.C.4

THE SALVATION ARMY



Nothing soft about Sportex. It's the hardest wearing cloth that Scotland produces. The firm weave, impervious to thorns in the woods or hustle in the streets, helps to preserve the cut of your Sportex suit in a way which will give the greatest satisfaction to yourself and your tailor.

SCOTLAND'S HARDEST WEARING CLOTH

WHEN YOU WAKE WITH A HEAD LIKE LEAD

You can't help waking *sometimes* with a headache. There are lots of things that make you feel below par. Disturbed nights, overwork, worry, smoking, eating or drinking too much—all these cause what doctors call an "acid condition."

And then, whatever the cause of your headache, it's no good taking something that merely relieves the pain. You need something to remove the cause as well.

That is why a sparkling glass of 'Bromo-Seltzer' is much the best way to cure a headache. It stops the headache almost instantly, and it completely counteracts the acidity without any awkward laxative effect.

If you have a headache or feel as if you were suffering from a "morning after," take a glass of 'Bromo-Seltzer'; you will be amazed how soon your head will clear, how quickly you will feel better in every way. And you will be better, too. For 'Bromo-Seltzer's' alkalising elements will have counteracted the acids which cause your trouble. 'Bromo-Seltzer' is simply grand for Headaches, Nervousness, Brain Fatigue, Indigestion and the effects of too much work, worry, smoking, drinking, etc.

Get a bottle of 'Bromo-Seltzer' from Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites, Heppells or any Chemist today. If you don't find it the best headache cure you ever tried, get your money back.

THE NURSING PROFESSION

needs recruits for war work now and for national service in the reconstruction period.

Educated girls wishing to qualify as nurses can obtain full information about training and individual advice on the choice of a training school at the

NURSING RECRUITMENT CENTRE
(King Edward's Hospital Fund for London)
21 Cavendish Sq., W.1 Tel.: LANGHAM 4362

HAPPY EVENT!

A MOTHER-TO-BE, and she looks her prettiest! The camouflage of her DU BARRY suit with self-adjusting skirt and specially balanced jacket is so good that Anne always feels poised and "right," never unhappily self-conscious. All DU BARRY MATERNITY MODELS are designed on a patented principle which makes them comfortable and concealing. Come and try on some of the really smart styles or send for beautiful folio of designs. Suit as sketched 79/6. Attractive dresses from 49/6.

(Right) showing simple but ingenious expanding device, patent No. 2811.

**Du Barry
MATERNITY WEAR**

A M Bassador 1364
Dept. T, Suite 4 (Adj. Regal Cinema)

DU BARRY, 9-10 MARBLE ARCH, LONDON, W.1

MR. S. SALISBURY

the well-known Ladies' Tailor, late of 20, Savile Row, W.1, is carrying on his business at **409, HOLLOWAY RD., LONDON, N.7.** Ladies' Tailored clothes cut and fitted by Mr. A. and Mr. S. Salisbury, Gold Medallist Cutters and Lecturers to London Tailoring Societies, who offer you the same personal service to which you have been accustomed. Prices from 6 guineas. Call and see the large selection of fine quality suitings, including "Fintex" and "Sportex" cloths. Please ring North 1945.



A MAN'S AS OLD AS HIS FEET!

To retain the elastic spring of youth he needs shoes to fit his feet, and that means correct width as well as length—and correct shape.

Wearra Shoes for Men are made in sizes and half-sizes, with three fittings (slim, medium and broad) to each.

Made on American-styled lasts, in three models by British craftsmen. Each model in choice of fine quality black or tan calf.

Wearra

MULTIPLE
FITTING
SHOES FOR MEN

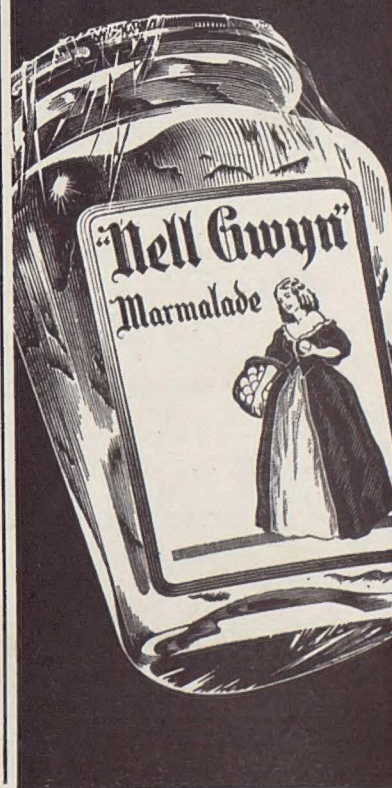


H.L.S. says:

Send a postcard for my little book, "Footwear since the World began"; also name of local Wearra stockists, to the makers

JOHN SHORTLAND LTD
(Dept. T) Irthlingborough,
NORTHAMPTONSHIRE

completes the perfect breakfast





All things considered

Our uniforms have a great deal more to them than meets the eye. They are well and truly finished. Reinforcements here and there, strengthened pockets, buttonholes in exactly the right place, stitched to enable them to resist the hard daily strain imposed by metal buttons—all help a uniform to keep its original shape throughout continuous wear.

AUSTIN REED

OF REGENT STREET

BIRMINGHAM, MANCHESTER, LIVERPOOL, LEEDS, EDINBURGH,
GLASGOW, BELFAST, NOTTINGHAM, NORWICH, OXFORD, BOURNEMOUTH,
BATH

Boundless goodwill

In the big ships and the little;
in wardroom, mess and canteen;
in office and workshop
Player's are welcomed. Every
moment, every day, in a domain
bounded by no particular rank
or station, Player's bring infinite
pleasure, composure and com-
panionship . . . Such popularity
is a measure of their quality.



*Player's
Please*

★ It is now more
than ever neces-
sary to empty your
packet at the time
of purchase and
leave it with your
Tobacconist.



PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES • MEDIUM OR MILD • PLAIN OR CORK-TIPS

NCC 548H